

BRITISH COLUMBIA: A Premier in Waiting? • BUSINESS: The Beer Playoffs Begin

CANADA'S

WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

MAY 3, 1999

THE LESSONS OF



Littleton

Parents everywhere ask how two middle-class kids became mass murderers



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From The Editor

A new look, a new commitment



It is time for a change. A dramatic change. As the page opposite indicates, Maclean's will have a new look starting next week. Our vision is a new magazine that looks like no other on the market. Our aim is to be truly distinctive in the genre, starting with a bold new logo and an interior that is clean and compelling. We will retain the elements and the structure that have sustained a loyal audience of 500,000 subscribers. At the same time, the redesign will emphasize the strength of the new weekly format: content and layout rounded on the

be important ongoing beats. And while we continue to pay close attention to the official outlets of the country, whether governments or industries, we will be expanding our efforts to tell the stories of everyday Canada, where people confront a host of issues and opportunities. Popular entertainment and the challenges of getting into—and getting ahead in—the workplace are important subjects, especially for younger readers, and they will get special attention.

Maclean's is not about to desert its roots, and a proud 85-year history. But

Newsroom Notes:

A very special occasion

The Michener Award has a special place in the esteem of Canadian journalists. Established 29 years ago during the term of governor general Roland Michener, it is given annually for meritorious public service in journalism—and is named in memory of his daughter, Wendy Michener, a writer with *The Globe and Mail*, who died when she was only 33. It was the first national award open to all of us—daily and weekly newspapers, magazines, radio, television and news services. And the Michener has the unique distinction of being presented each year by the governor general himself in an elegant ceremony at Rideau Hall in Ottawa. It is our equivalent—and more—of the Pulitzer Prize in the United States.

Maclean's was honoured to be one of the six finalists for the 1998 Michener Award—nominated for our series of cover stories on sexual abuse and other serious problems in the Canadian military—and last week we headed off to Ottawa for (drumroll) the opening of the judges' envelope. We knew we were up against some formidable competition from *The Toronto Star*, *Winnipeg Free Press*, *Ottawa Citizen*, *CBC TV's* the 50th edition and *The Canadian Press*. In the end, we didn't win. Maclean's placed second—the trophy going to the *Star* for some excellent reporting on Ontario's troubled health-care system. Although it is always easier to win than to be runner-up, we came home pleased with the recognition accorded our investigative reporting and determined to continue to produce the kind of journalism that will get us invited to the Michener ceremony again, and again, in the years to come.



The Maclean's team at Rideau Hall (from left: Senior Writer John Smith, Managing Editor Geoffrey Stevens, Senior Editor Peter Kopylov, Senior Writer Ann Phelan and Brenda Kavanagh, Researcher-Reporter Sharrin Kozel, Editor-in-Chief Robert Lewis, Senior Writer John Noel).

In each edition we will strive to offer a section of critical, engaging articles, in addition to the cover story. The traditional structure of Maclean's will not change; it will continue to organize reports by sections, from Canada, World and Business to Education, Health and Entertainment. The news summaries and short takes, like Opening Notes and People, will remain. The columnists will continue to be a vital part of the mix.

A redesign is not simply an opportunity to dress up an old page. It also has been an opportunity to re-evaluate our editorial control process of providing content on the events of a week in the world, leavened with fresh reporting and special projects. The big issues, from war and taxes to trade and unity, will always

while governing what we do and know how, we believe it is time to broaden our look for the multifarious and diverse our commitment to inform, entertain, surprise and enlighten.

Robert Lewis

Canada's Weekly Newsmagazine
Maclean's

Changing
May 3

The Y2K dilemma

In some sort of ritual of atonement to the victims of technological angst, every sector of society is throwing money at the evil precursor of the end of modern civilization, known as the millennium bug ("Guide to Y2K," Cover, April 15). The problem is not governments and corporations, they know what they have to do. But this over-the-top spending is being done by community organizations and the small-business sector. I recently talked with a small-business owner who was concerned about the Y2K problem as much as a result of an "expert" assessment, she replaced her computers with top-of-the-line systems Good call, right? Not. She replaced systems 1½ years old and tripled her payments. She put her entire company at risk to combat a measure she could not see, did not understand and was not even talked by her boss on the report by the expert. The coin was an expert all right, an expert salesman who used her fears to force her into a buying position under the guise of helping her combat the phantom menace.

Dore Tremblay,
Perry Group, R.C.

My husband and I had family living in the Kemptville, Ont., area during the ice storm of 1998. We took it upon ourselves to drive to Kemptville with much-needed supplies, not only out of love for our family members, but because they were in a small town, far from the highways. Regarding Y2K, it is interesting to know the government and the Canadian Forces' Operation Abacus are preparing to assist the Canadian population if needed. You state that experts fear that, by stocking up on necessities, people could freeze the supply system out of whack. Yet you also indicate that Operation Abacus has

"a single aim, to bring out the troops if Y2K problems are so great that the Forces are needed." Why is it acceptable for the Canadian government and the Forces to be prepared, yet the average Canadian citizen is accused of "hoarding"? My family will be prepared for Jan. 1, 2000—simply because we will not be caught off guard.

Jane and Randy Clarke,
Saskatoon, Ont.

I found the articles on Y2K contradictory. The first one echoed the official reassurances of governments and big businesses that basically everything will be OK. In the articles further on, there were indications that things may not be OK. There could be serious and long-lasting effects (famines, chaos and the oil-producing nations are in very poor shape in terms of Y2K preparedness). Your advice on personal preparations—have a few days' water and food on hand, plus a battery-powered radio, etc.—seemed ludicrous. What disruptions might occur if the United States loses 20 per cent of its imported oil supply? The Americans import 50 per cent of the petroleum they use, Canada's total oil production would not fill that deficit. The only use of many products we could face a few days' supply of food won't help much. The big story mainstream media have raised is on the preparations that neighborhood groups are making. There are many sites on the Internet for community preparedness groups, which will help their members to ensure not only the Y2K problem and their afterwards, but increasingly dangerous weather events, world financial instability or war.

Keith Sheehy,
Ottawa

Canada and NATO

I am confused by Canadian/serbs who are angry because of Canada's involvement in Kosovo. So what if Kosovo has been part of Serbia for 500 years? I thought human beings were beyond this petty state in their evolution. It seems me to see a picture of a protester burning a Canadian flag with a swastika inside the Media Land ("Outrage in Kosovo," Cover, April 15). Who swastika in ethnic cleansing here? Is that not similar to what Hitler did to the Jews before and during the Second World War? It is time for Serbia



Powerful pictures

The photograph of the Kosovar father and son from "How it happened" (March, April 15) steadily slipped me in my tracks. The terror in the face of the small child and the fear of the father have been burned in my memory. The photographs should remind all of us what the reality of "collateral damage" is—families on the run, with little food, no shelter and lives that will be forever altered.

Elizabeth Babin,
New Durbin, Ont.

The heartbreaking picture of the little girl in the From the Managing Editor's column ("Searching for a way out," April 15) just grabbed my heart and twisted it. Her sad, weary, tear-soaked face tells a long story. This is the real tragedy of war. The untold personal stories of lost and orphaned children. I just want to hold her and hug her till the pain goes away. Unfortunately, it probably never will.

Elizabeth Dukes Hunt,
Gresham, Ore.

to take a look in the mirror. Are they proud the Serbian military and police are responsible for killing thousands of ethnic Albanians?

J. R. Muir,
Whitby, Ont.

I am getting tired of the lies of historian Michael Bliss and some retired Canadian generals trash NATO and the Canadian Forces for bombing Serbia. So some Canadians are confused. Two damned bad. Have they forgotten that the United Nations abandoned our peacekeepers in Bosnia in Serbian paramilitary terrorism? Have they forgotten that up to 800,000 Bosnians died needlessly through an act of tribal jealousy because the United Nations actually failed to deal with the situation even though it was being reported to the UN secretary general with ever-increasing urgency by the Canadian general in the field? Let's let NATO troops deal with the situation to permanently neutralize the Yugoslav military and Serbian secret police so all Kosovo refugees can return home and the KLA can disband safely, with a further interference from Belgrade.

Bob Zepfert,
North Vancouver

I was angered by Barbara Amiel's column ("Booming Yugoslavia is wrong, wrong, wrong," April 15) and some of the letters that

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**Anthony
Wilson-Smith**

The view from the sports desk

Anders from waaaaa, no section of a newspaper other than sports would use such rhetorical overkill in an article like this hard to find clear winners and losers, heroes and villains—except in battle or on a playing field or hockey rink. You wouldn't call a business executive "spellbinding" or "larcenous," so *The Globe and Mail's* jail-bait dad of Buffalo Grove's Demetri Black is his team's best. Otavio Semerak last week. Or if you did call a CEO "larcenous," the most amused person would be the boss or her/his lawyer.

Bowes, whose games air on the Turner Broadcasting System, can walk by contrast. Baseball announcers for local radio and TV stations are actually hired by the team whose games they call. No wonder managers prevail! In Canada, where CBC and CTV pour huge money into sports coverage, isn't better for an announcer's career to describe a ball game as a "wretched yammer" or a "fine example of light-chrome playoff strategy"? There's why fans like Don Chafin, who's been calling baseball since the dawn of time, are so

For the most part, print reporting avoids such conflicts of interest. In writing, absolutes are encouraged, even if it means depicting with balance. Who would want to read a story about Wayne Gretzky that described him as *The (Seasonably) Great One*? Similarly, it's better to be really and then garden-variety mediocre. Casey Stengel, when he managed the expansion 1963 New York Mets—perhaps the worst team ever—was unstarbust when others described his team in pejorative terms. At least, he said, it will be remembered—which is more than could be said of the second worst club.

Then, there are the fabled characters in sports—although, of

The best sportswriters know that what they cover is, at Grately's, has soul, entertainment, not to be confused with real life. Sports writers have long been respected by their solemn newsy colleagues in the news business. Don—perhaps because the former is the one subcategory who does seem more as fashionably (or perhaps it's because other journalists don't understand the concept of sports, and try to explain it in the ponderous context of their own lives. Surely there's a shelf in the Library of Hades containing the *Collected Works of George Orwell on Baseball*, it's full of weary explication about the "metaphysical relationship between baseball and the poetry of America." I can't imagine a translation on a piece of eternal neon, and the uplifting, magical qualities of the vibrant cut grass. Well, if soccer is as complex enough an art, perhaps that's true.

Ronald Reagan, who made his share of *Monsters*, said of the directors he worked for: "They didn't want it good; they wanted it Thursday." Some have spoken as of the censor. But the *Monsters* aren't as incomprehensible. Bud Fisher has routinely delivered colorful, complete pieces on *Monsters* cinema games within 15 minutes of their completion, for 44 seasons. These jiffy, fact-filled reports by people like Burt in the *Globe*, Eric Deutchak of the *Galaxy World*, Al Strachan and Terry Jones in the *Sun* chain, Jack Todd in the *Stanley*, and MacGregor and Cole of the *Red* are produced under similar constraints. Like those they cover, the best sportswriters are talented, working hard and at their work. But, of course, they make a fraction of the athletic man's fee. The difference is that these aren't a whole lot of people willing to pay good money to watch a sportswriter work. Especially in a sports bar.

Different rules and expectations apply in the news and sports departments of newspapers and broadcast outlets

pieces by three top writers—Cam Cole, Ray MacGargor and Christie Flinchard—which provided new anecdotes about a man who has spent his life in the public eye. That dealt a crushing blow check to the *Globe*, which responded with a special effort two days later.

Ronald Reagan, who made his share of *B-movies*, said of the directors he worked for: "They didn't want it good; they wanted it Thursday." Some have spoken as of the censor. But the Montreal Gazette's incompromisable Bob Fisher has routinely delivered colorful, complete pieces on Montreal Canadian games within 15 minutes of their completion, for 44 seasons. These jiffy, fact-filled reports by people like Brian in the *Globe*, Eric Duchateau of the *Calgary Herald*, Al Strachan and Terry Jones in the *Sun* chain, Jack Todd in the *Gazette*, and MacGregor and Cole of the *Post* are produced under similar constraints. Like those they cover, the best sportswriters are talented, working hard and fast at their work. But, of course, they make a fraction of the athlete's money. The difference is that these men aren't a whole lot of people willing to pay good money to watch a sportswriter work. Especially in a sports bar.

Editorial Update



Canada on
ice: 50 Years
of Great
Hockey

Maclean's has long covered the highs and lows of Canada's favorite game, hockey. And over the years, the magazine has named the country's best writers, including Trent Parke, Peter Goetzki, and Roy MacGregor, to explore the sport, both on and off the ice. Now the best examples of hockey writing, including a chapter on "The Great One," Wayne Gretzky, appear together in the new book *Canada on Ice: 50 Years of Great Hockey—the perfect companion to the hockey play-offs.*

This new collection of stories selected from Maclean's vast archives, delves into the careers of hockey's greatest players — Rocker, Richard Dandie Howe, and Bobby Orr, to name a few — and profiles hockey's rogues and colourful characters: Gabe Sheak, Dennis Sanderson, Ben Cherry, and Allan Eagleson.

Often recounted by the very people who had a profound impact on hockey history, Canada on Ice also surveys the sport's defining moments, from the Stanley Cup wins of the Toronto Maple Leafs and Montreal Canadiens to the current epoch of superstars and multi-million-dollar rookies.

Canada on Ice, published by Penguin Books Canada Limited is now available in major book stores and outlets for \$15.

Newsstand Notes



Designed with subscribers in mind, the Maclean's new Web site (www.macleans.ca) offers full access to all of the news, stories and profiles featured in the current issue of the magazine, available on the Sunday before the printed magazine hits newsstands. As well, Maclean's subscribers have access to a searchable archive of issues from the past six months – perfect for school assignments or business needs – and can review the status of their subscription.

Non-subscribers are invited to scan high-quality links of all the stories featured in the

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 100 West 40th Street, New York, NY 10018-7001
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Edited by TANYA DAVIES

Picture perfect

Richard Gurdit, the mayor of the tiny Quebec village of 300 Henri-de-Bourgois, seems to qualify as a hero—and he has the photos to prove it. The 35-year-old Gurdit has had his picture in the pages of the *Washington Post*, *Newsweek*, *Time*, *National Geographic*, *Nobel Peace Prize* yearbook, among others, including *Manitoba* and the *Life* Mother's Week. His other picture features him with mayor Luciano Pavarotti, soccer legend Pelé and a host of entertainment and sports celebrities and politicians. How does Gurdit get the rich and famous to pose with him? "He demands including shaking out [toilet kibbins] and not being shy about shaking the crutches he has made during his 23 years as mayor of the village, 300 km east of Quebec City. 'Pir one,' says Gurdit, 'it's not enough to see them in the newspapers or on television.'"

On March 1, the musician may make a bus for about eight hours to Ottawa to have his picture taken with visiting Palestinian leader Yasser Arafat. Ouellet had used a previous meeting with Jean Pelletier, Prime Minister Jean Chretien's chief of staff and a former mayor of Quebec City, to set up the photo opportunity.

Ouellet is still hoping to add to his collection, especially a photo graph with the Pope. "I'm sure," he says, "this summit would be most interesting. Pope John Paul II." So far, one of his favourites is his photo with



Overlaid: "It's not enough to see them in the newspaper or on television."

Montreal Canadians greet Jean Beliveau, though Outlet adds, "they are all unforgettable moments." He keeps most of his pictures in envelopes, although a treasured 20, including the Nobel laureates, hang on a wall in his guest bedroom. "When visitors wake up the next morning, they say 'We've slept in good company!'"

Living the life of Gretzky

On the first day of the rest of Wayne Gretzky's life, he got up, took his daughter, Pauline, to a school setting, and then had breakfast with his agent, Michael Barnett, and former coach, Edmonton Oilers' president Glen Sather. Gretzky then went bowling with the New York Rangers at the team's farewell function. In fact, it was an off-season week like any other for Gretzky. Despite No. 99's retirement, his various sponsors—Canadian Imperial



Gratias a meo p.
Anno 1666. 11. 10.

not only by the league. The Ki's' pro to First Nations, based near Hay River in N.W.T., is retiring the number 99 from its community hockey team to honour the positive role model Gretzky provided for youth. Then the Great One was nominated for membership into the Hockey Hall of Fame, bypassing the customary three-year waiting period after a player retires. The selection committee will vote on Gretzky's early inclusion this week. The accolade continued when the House of Commons

**week of
off ice** enthusiastically approved a motion to create a Wayne Gretzky commemorative stamp. And Gretzky helped break one more record before he left the ice: *Hockey Night in Canada* had an average audience of 3.2 million people for its coverage of his final game in New York City—the highest regular season audience in the history of the show. So while he is gone, Gretzky will not soon be forgotten.

EMPORIUM

The number of adults in either a federal prison or a provincial or territorial jail on any given day in 1997-1998: **32,970**
Percentage of federal prison population who are female: **5**

The average age of inmates in provincial and territorial institutions: 32

Of federal prison inmates: 33

The amount spent by federal, provincial and territorial governments on the adult corrections system in 1997-1998: \$2.08 billion

GOLDFARB POLI

In the past, a surprising number of Canadians surveyed believed it was OK to cheat on taxes: fully 36 per cent said it wasn't "morally wrong." By percentages of 1,400 adults.

	Total	P.E.	Perkins	Osborne	Quibb	Atkins
It is mostly wrong to cheat on tests	64	67	79	61	58	70
It is not mostly wrong to cheat	36	33	21	39	42	30

BIOLOGICAL SERVICES, 1999



Fudge now: turning his life around after years of problems

DOUBLE TAKE

Steve Fonvo

Fourteen years ago, Steve Forgie completed a grueling 3,900-km run across Canada—an extraordinary feat by a 16-year-old who had just lost his left leg to cancer six years before and had an amputated limb. Inspired by Terry Fox, the one-legged runner who died of cancer in 1985, his journey has inspired millions.



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"We have had no contact since un-crated," says Perryo. "They ate and did so much for me. It had to work this out."

LUKE FOSTER

Conflict on the UBC campus

The proper spacing of students at the University of British Columbia during the 1987 APSC conference may have raised the hackles of college radicals, but that outrage has now been eclipsed by another campus controversy. This time it is focused on the university's former president David Strangway, who is trying to develop a generic university in Squamish, B.C.—while still collecting his annual \$170,410 salary from UBC. Leaders with the student society are so upset about Strangway's plans, that last week they filed a formal complaint with the province's ombudsman.

After 12 years as president of UBC, Strongway, 64, left his job in 1997. His contract allowed two years' leave with pay, which will

and the dean. Last year, he worked with ABC's current vice president of educational affairs, Peter Ufford, to look at ways to deal with the problem of faculty taking paid leaves of absence to establish a business plan for Strangewright's dream: a small private university where students would pay approximately \$25,000 a year in tuition. Senior administrators at USC declared there was no conflict of interest in having the two men work on the project while on the university's payroll. And ABC's conflicts administrator also gave it the thumbs up. "What I was doing was widely shared with other people," says Strangewright, who hopes to open the school in three years. "There is no way there is any kind of threat to USC."

But students and some faculty members fear a private university will siphon resources away from UBC. "It does potentially speak of some kind of conflict," says political science professor Philip Beazley. Life on the UBC campus is certainly never dull.

Passages

REVEALED: By second-winning novelist Carol Shields, 68, that she was diagnosed with breast cancer last fall. Underwent a mastectomy and is currently receiving chemotherapy treatment. In Winnipeg, Shields, whose novel *The Stone Diaries* won the 1995 Pulitzer Prize, was attending a news conference for the announcement of the Carol Shields Winnipeg Book Award, a \$2,000 annual prize that is open to any work of fiction, nonfiction, poetry or drama a short one or a full-length. Shields is a native of the city.

DIED: Master ventriloquist **Señor Wences**, 103, at his home, in New York City. Wences entertained Ed Sullivan Show audiences with his falsetto-voiced hand puppet, Johnny, and his puppet-head-in-a-box, Pedro. Wences also performed for four presidents and did a Broadway show with **Danny Kaye**.

DIED: Hall of Fame horse trainer **Charlie Whittingham**, 86, of leukemia, in Pasadena, Calif. Whittingham trained two Kentucky Derby winners, Ferdinand (1985) and Sunday Silence (1989).

CONVICTED: Saskatchewan Independent MLA Jack Goobson, 50, is trying to buy his way into a 14-year-old prostitute. Goobson, who could serve up to five years in jail when he is sentenced on June 29, resigned from the legislature while still maintaining his innocence.

AWARDED: The \$5,000 Stephen Leacock Memorial Medal for Humour to CBC Radio host **Shuart McLean**, 53, for his short-story collection *Home from the Wool Cafe*, in Toronto.

AWARDED: The \$50,000 Ruloff Berry Photography Book Award to Sheffield, Ont., photographer Larry Towell, 45, for his book *F2 Salvation* in Toronto.

HONORED: Seand Robinson, 47, the openly gay member of Parliament for B.C.'s Burnaby-Douglas riding, with the Tom Stoddard National Role Model Award, in Washington. The prize is awarded by ProFed America, an event organized by leading U.S. gay-rights organizations. Robinson is the first non-American to be honoured.

Design versus diplomacy

Like most architects, Bruce Kowarski doodles when he talks. Elegant doodles, mind you, much like the man himself: dark suit, matching colour shirt, tie-in—all suit his lean and contained energy. In this case the squiggles in his full-on pose represent downtown Berlin, the new German capital that is rising like a designer's dream atop Adolf Hitler's grave. It is a city the Brampton-born Kowarski has visited three times in his life, but has now become inextricably linked with his professional reputation, to his great pride—and a little embarrassment.

After a competition that lasted almost a year, Kowarski's Toronto firm Kowarski Payne McKenna Buning Architects was the right to design the new Canadian Embassy in Berlin, a \$37-million glass and limestone structure that looks to be one of the best plans at national capitals. The only catch was lost to most people at the time of the March announcement—including Kowarski—the jury of eight prominent Canadian and German judges had chosen someone else: the five-book son of the eight judges had picked Toronto's Dunlop Farrow Architects in partnership with an edge Montreal firm, Souster and Perrotte. One judge went with Kowarski and his large partner firm a Quebec City, Toronto, Vancouver and Winnipeg. Another wanted the vision of Montreal architect Dea Hagenau. But in the end, none of this mattered.



Rendering of KPMW's Berlin embassy plan; sculptural

Foreign Affairs Minister Lloyd Axworthy overrode the jury selection, sending up a collective roan from the country's architectural establishment. This is "Washington all over again," some said, referring to 1982, when the Ontario Minister Pierre Trudeau rejected a selection committee's

recommendation in favour of the design by his friend Arthur Erickson. Last week, the Royal Architectural Institute of Canada sided with the firm with a letter to Axworthy asking for a review of the way future competitions will be carried out. "The outcome mirrored the unwelcome appearance of a closed, if not overly political, process," says Eva Matzner, the Institute's Vancouver-based president.

Back up to Berlin. The Bertha Wolf handles down, East and West Germany unite and a decision is made to move the capital from sleepy Bonn to historic bomb-ravaged Berlin, setting off an army of international designers on the rubble of the Cold War. This includes regional offices for Sany and DaeslerChrysler, monumental glass structures encompassing a 30-screen multiplex, the largest casino in Germany and a luxury hotel. Across the street on city Leipziger Platz will sit the new Canadian Embassy, a nine-storey building that will pay for itself by renting out press office and residential space. The view from the ambassador's office on the pan-ethnic sixth floor will encompass the historic Brandenburg Gate as well as the shiny glass dome of the new Reichstag, inaugurated last week by German parliamentarians. "The heart here goes way beyond just winning and losing in the name breath," says Michael Mosier of Dunlop Farrow, the jury's choice. "This was a chance to build in the most exciting city in the world."

Now back up to April, 1998, when Ottawa launched the competition that attracted 31 of the nation's top architects, including Erickson, Maske, Safdie and Eberhard Zedler. "The government can just com-

mission buildings on its own without a competition," notes Tony Teasdale, the Dalhousie professor who oversees the contest in which the firm conceptualized a museum that the German rules required a competition, and Canadian architects have been pushing the bids for years to hold leading architectural jury selections, so Ottawa went along—up to a point. The jury only completed rules permitting Foreign Affairs to make its decision only "in light" of the jury's report, not on the basis of it. "I should have read the rules more carefully," admits finalist Hagenau. "Legally, the government did what was allowed. But this is not how governments should act."

Neither he nor Mosier blame Kowarski for what happened. Kowarski says he did no lobbying. So why was his team chosen five months after the jury had handed in its report and voted so enthusiastically over the Mosier/Saucer design? The government's stated reason—that technical and financial studies favoured the design—does not convince the design community. These are all details that are commonly worked out after a vision has been selected. What's more, the jury had considered all the historicist reports more one the way by Canadian ambassador to Germany Gertlin Laverne, whose report came in after the jury made its recommendations.

Was it the Axworthy-Winnipeg connection that tipped the scales, as some have suggested? A key member of the KPMW team in Winnipeg firm Smith Carter, an engineering specialist that worked on a recent federal in Canada House in London. As well, the Berlin embassy is to be clad with Manitoba's troubled limestone, and filled with Quebec maple and B.C. Douglas fir. Or was it something more important? The view from the ambassador's window and giant sixth-floor patio, perhaps?

Both the Kowarski design and the jury's choice offer a ground-floor plan that is open, indeed encouraging, to pedestrians—something that intrigues the security-conscious Germans. The jury's choice was much more high-tech vision of Canada and its technological prowess flashed on the walls of the hallway. The ambassador's suite on the other hand, looked out only on a leafy courtyard. The jury was looking for a building that would symbolize Canada to Europeans. Foreign Affairs looked at it from a different perspective. Kowarski feels he had the embassy design. "The only criticism I've had from the minister and the ambassador was that the formal dining room should be on a higher floor so that it, too, could look out over Berlin. You know, country to country." The minister's view.

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Opening NOTES

Playing a high-stakes game

In the early 1990s, the computer game company Sega dominated the home video game industry with its Genesis game system, highly popular among teenage boys. But times changed. Game players became older and more savvy about graphics, and competitors like Nintendo and Sony PlayStation started cutting over the market, now worth \$5.9 billion annually. But Sega is back. The Tokyo-based company is spending \$150 million to coax North Americans into buying its new home game system, Dreamcast, which the company is listing as the next generation of home gaming.

The system is a hybrid game console and computer, with the industry's first ever modem and online capacity to connect players around the world via a 56k speed modem. A portable Visual Memory Unit, the size of a credit card, lets players tote customized characters between stations. While a current sports game has an average 350 motion-captured movements per action, Dreamcast has 1,500. Plus, with four times the graphics processing power of a PlayStation II chip, Sega claims that Dreamcast is 35 times faster than Sony PlayStation, and 10 times more powerful than Nintendo 64.

But bringing arcade quality graphics, sound and motion into the home isn't cheap, and the system alone will cost \$299. Targeting both hard-core gamers and family buyers, Dreamcast titles will run the gamut from fantasy role play (*Grandia*) to fishing (*Get Bass*). A dozen games will be released at the retail launch in September, but Sega promises at least 100 by December 2000. The most anticipated is the movie-quality *Siren*, which cost \$45 million to create. The average cost for a new game starts at \$4.5 million, and took three years to develop. It is set in Asia and incorporates 500 characters, among them the main character who goes through a life-size experience.

The still-secret promotion campaign promises to be "irreverent and a breakthrough in advertising," says Sega vice-president of sales Chris Gilbert. Launched in Japan last November, Dreamcast sold more than one million units in four months. In North America, the buzz surrounding Dreamcast picked up 30,000 pre-sale orders, even before the price and game titles were announced. "My nine-year-old daughter has been around video games since she was 3," says Gilbert. "But she just started playing because of the Dreamcast games."

SUSAN OH

I am a public health expert.

I have spent years learning to ensure the food we get from animals is safe and abundant. I am a health scientist, a specialist in productivity and a partner to Canada's farmers.



I am a Doctor of Veterinary Medicine.

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Opening NOTES

BEST-SELLERS

FICHTION

- 1 *Angels & Demons*, Dan Brown (12)
- 2 *The Da Vinci Code*, Dan Brown (12)
- 3 *The Girl on the Train*, Rachel Watson (12)
- 4 *The Girl on the Train*, Rachel Watson (12)
- 5 *The Girl on the Train*, Rachel Watson (12)
- 6 *The Girl on the Train*, Rachel Watson (12)
- 7 *The Girl on the Train*, Rachel Watson (12)
- 8 *The Girl on the Train*, Rachel Watson (12)
- 9 *The Girl on the Train*, Rachel Watson (12)
- 10 *The Girl on the Train*, Rachel Watson (12)

NONFICTION

- 1 *The Girl on the Train*, Rachel Watson (12)
- 2 *The Girl on the Train*, Rachel Watson (12)
- 3 *The Girl on the Train*, Rachel Watson (12)
- 4 *The Girl on the Train*, Rachel Watson (12)
- 5 *The Girl on the Train*, Rachel Watson (12)
- 6 *The Girl on the Train*, Rachel Watson (12)
- 7 *The Girl on the Train*, Rachel Watson (12)
- 8 *The Girl on the Train*, Rachel Watson (12)
- 9 *The Girl on the Train*, Rachel Watson (12)
- 10 *The Girl on the Train*, Rachel Watson (12)

(1) For the first week
dominated by Dan Brown

The Wild West of the sky

After piloting a seaplane around coastal British Columbia for 20 years, Jack Schellfield recalls stories of hair-raising adventures—like flying directly under high-voltage power lines—and colourful characters—like a Vietnam vet turned Irish pilot called Crazy Dog—in his memoir *Flights of a Coast Dog: A Pilot's Log* (Douglas & McIntyre). Illustrated with more than 100 photographs, the book is a portrait of life in a fast-developing frontier.



POP MOVIES

Box office in Canada: weekend movies for the entire weekend during the week-ends that ended on April 6. (For box office numbers of screens, see page 10.)

1. <i>THE MONUMENTS MEN</i> (14/7)	\$1,110,000
2. <i>THE MONUMENTS MEN</i> (14/7)	\$1,110,000
3. <i>THE MONUMENTS MEN</i> (14/7)	\$1,110,000
4. <i>THE MONUMENTS MEN</i> (14/7)	\$1,110,000
5. <i>THE MONUMENTS MEN</i> (14/7)	\$1,110,000
6. <i>THE MONUMENTS MEN</i> (14/7)	\$1,110,000
7. <i>THE MONUMENTS MEN</i> (14/7)	\$1,110,000
8. <i>THE MONUMENTS MEN</i> (14/7)	\$1,110,000
9. <i>THE MONUMENTS MEN</i> (14/7)	\$1,110,000
10. <i>THE MONUMENTS MEN</i> (14/7)	\$1,110,000

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ERIC HARRIS (LEFT) AND DYLAN KIDWELL (RIGHT) BEFORE THE SHOOTING



LESSONS OF Littleton

After a horrific school massacre, the question is: why?

Almost they thought it was a prank, the kind of crazy thing that students just a month from graduation might pull. They remembered some of those stunts—like the time a bunch of seniors hauled a big balloon shaped like an ice cream cone from the Dairy Queen down the road and tethered it to the roof of Columbine High School. So even when they heard the story started around—*pop! pop! pop! pop!*—they never imagined that some- one might really, truly be doing the unthinkable. Fifteen-year-old Chanelle Plank and her friends in eighth class heard the noise but thought some older kids might be pretending to attack the school, maybe making a noise of the whole thing to lynch over later. Then they heard bullets tearing off the steel lockers, and suddenly “we were like, oh wow, he’s got a gun. It’s for real.” “It’s for real”—and the once-quiet Denver suburb of Littleton, Colo., takes its place at the head of the line of American school towns made infamous by mad-on-the-loose teens. Plank and her friends

ran to safety in the park across the street from Columbine High when it became clear that the *pop! pop! pop!* was indeed the sound of gunfire. Others were not so lucky—12 students and a teacher were shot to death by the two students who ended their message by putting their guns to their own heads and blowing out their brains. Twenty-three more were wounded, several critically. It was by far the greatest toll in the state of school shootings that has earned places like Jonesboro, Ark., Waco, Tex., and Pearl, Miss., and symbols of a society seemingly paralyzed by the unspeakable violence visited on it by its own children.

The massacre in Littleton was shocking, to be sure, but at the same time all too familiar. Once again, the red-eyed teens weeping in each other’s arms the instant emotions faded from flowers, poems, balloons and stuffed animals, the upsurge of professional “grief counselors” counseling the survivors, and the swirl of politicians that “fly in, stay seven hours, agitate,” Once again, the predictable finger-pointing. Champions of family values bemoaned the decline of same. Media critics criticized

the media for polluting the culture with images of violence. And, of course, proponents and opponents of gun control conducted their own well-rehearsed verbal shootouts. Legislators in Colorado and at least four other states hastily withdrew legislation designed to loosen gun controls, or pushed ahead with laws to tighten controls. The National Rifle Association, which in a stroke of miserly self-interest had scheduled its annual convention in Denver this week, asked it back from three days to one and quickly took down billboards at had put up around the city. They showed NRA president Charlton Heston clutching a rifle alongside the slogan “Join us.”

Even the strains of experts, though, seemed finally to concede that they had no good answers to the biggest and perhaps unanswerable question: why? Why did 17-year-old Dylan Klebold and 18-year-old Eric Harris, sons of the comfortable American middle-class, turn into mass murderers? Their backgrounds provided no obvious explanations. Littleton, on the southern outskirts of booming Denver, rolls out towards the foothills of the Rocky Mountains in a typical suburban sprawl of upscale housing, developments and strip malls. Most of the 1,900 students at Columbine High look for little, the school’s parking lots were packed last week with the kids’ late-model cars. Klebold lived with his parents, Thomas, who runs a real estate company, and Susan, a college counselor, in a \$700,000 house on an exclusive canyon road. Almost every day, neighbors say, he drove his old BMW to the Harris family’s \$300,000 home on a cul-de-sac in a 30-year-old development called Chaffee Estates to hang out with his close friend Eric, whose father Wayne is a retired air force pilot.

Somewhere, though, they felt like outsiders in a school whose con-



Eric Harris; Dylan Klebold, scenes outside the school during Sept. 13th; two students lay after reacting swiftly to the attack a determination to take revenge

spired social taxonomy was dominated by students and geeks—what one student last week derisively called the “Nerds and the Fitch army” after the upscale retail chain. Harris and Klebold, said those who knew them, felt scorned and rejected, and were determined to take their revenge. They did it at 11:30 a.m. on Tuesday, as students were at the end of their lunch break. Dressed in their trademark baggy black coats, they walked into an entrance adjacent to the school cafeteria and opened fire. On the way inside they shot two students, their bodies lay near the door way for the next 4½ hours.

As investigators recounted later, Klebold and Harris had an antiquated arsenal of weapons: a 9mm assault rifle, a semiautomatic pistol with a 35-shot magazine, two sawed-off shotguns and a supply of some three dozen home-made bombs. They set some of them off, sending glass shards and shrapnel tearing into the bodies of their victims. As the heavens rained their way through the hallways, students and intruders, they laughed.

Hundreds ran for safety—outside into the bright sunlight of a shirt-sleeve spring day, or deep into hiding places inside the school. Teachers hurried students into classrooms and even closets. Craig Nason, 17, was one of 50 students who crammed into an office off the choir room and barricaded themselves inside with fire extinguishers and desks. “We heard the guns going off as they came up the stairs,” he told *Newsweek*. “We could hear right outside the room. We were like, who are these guys? When are they going to run out of ammo? It was like there was an army in there.” Students called home on cellphones; a cacophony of beepers erupted as frantic parents tried to contact their children. Nason and the others huddled as fire for 2½ hours before



COVER
ON
ASSIGNMENT
ANDREW PHILLIPS
IN LITTLETON

SWAT team officers came to get them out. The next morning was uprisings in the second-floor library. Harris and Kibbel trapped about 30 students there, and methodically went about selecting victims. One of them spotted a black youth, 10-year-old Isaiah Steele, called him a "nigger," and shot him in the head as he begged for his life. They looked under a table where a girl was trying to hide, said "perked up!" and shot her as well. One of Harris' school 17-year-old Cassie Bernall, "Do you believe in God?" When she replied, "Yes, I do believe in God," she shot her to death too. They killed 10 students in the library before turning their weapons on themselves. Their youngest victim, Steven Carnon, was just 14 years old.

After it was all over, when Lifeline turned to the business of grieving and preparing for funerals, it was clear in hindsight that Harris had been many steps ahead of Harris and Kibbel were deeply disturbed. Until two years ago, according to students who knew them, they blended into the school. But in their junior year (Grade 11), something went badly wrong. "They really changed," recalled Christine Pausanias, 17, standing outside Light of the World Roman Catholic Church where he had just attended a meeting for parents and students. "They started wearing all black and keeping to themselves. It was kind of weird."

They wore baggy black coats and joined a group of 15 to 20 students who called themselves the Trinitarian Order—TOM for short. They changed the jocks and prep work at Columbine High, where they spent most of their time, to all black. They listened to music with religious—so-called industrial rock from Germany and the death-metal music of Marilyn Manson. They identified with so-called Goth culture, with all black clothing and dark makeup. Harris developed a fascination with everything German, and talked about admiring Hitler, whose birthday fell on the day of the attack, April 30.

For all their anarchic pose, Kibbel and Harris initially distanced themselves from school classes that started at 8:30 a.m. three days a week. "They were nice guys," said a 17-year-old student who was dead all in black, including a cap and mask and wore only his first name, Buck. "We'd go to class and talk about philosophy—Plato and Aristotle and stuff." (His recent Plato, but the name was close.) The problem, he told Maclean's, was all the small cliques that divided Columbine High, with the troupe-chat group at the bottom of the pecking order. "The jocks had their crew," and black. "They got away with everything and people like me got away with nothing. Dylan and Eric really hated that."

They got into trouble with the law in January, 1996, they were arrested for breaking into a car and placed in a non-violent diversion program for juvenile offenders. In February, they completed that with glowing reviews. Harris, a youth-center official wrote, seemed to be an "excellent man." Harris' mother said he was respectful to his, and "a bright young man



Grieving at Rachel Scott's funeral: one suburbanite had gone to police about the future killers

Despite 'anger management,' the two boys were clearly spinning out of control

who has a great deal of potential." Kibbel was also described as "brilliant" and "likely to succeed in life."

It was, of course, a complete misperception. Even as they were being schooled in "anger management," they were spinning out of control. A diary kept by one of the boys—police would not initially say which one—showed they had been planning the attack for a year, starting for Harris' birthday, and had stocked bombs for a considerable period. "We want to be different," the diary said, "we want to be strange and we don't want jokes or other people putting us down. We're going to punish you." Publicly, they were significant warning signs. Harris, who was fascinated with violent computer games like Doom, announced his own Web site, which included slogans like "What I don't like, I hate," and lists to assassinate and humiliate names, like and Kibbel even made a video in which they talked about blowing up the school. It showed them parading through the hallways at Columbine High in their black trench coats, threatening to destroy it, and was shown in one of their classes last fall. But no one saw it as a serious threat.

"I wasn't taken seriously at the time," recalled Janet Foster, an 18-year-old senior who saw the video. "Lots of people in school talk about violence and stuff. They were just these weird guys who hung out by the parking lot listening to techno rock." Others did twice, then seriously. "They'd go around saying they were going to take over the world and we'd all be under their power," said Jim Zeleznik, 16. "I was scared all the time." And while other students bugged each other and had badgers on the last-grown-up national anthem, 17-year-old Michael Sanner started sneering and he knew his anger. "These kids were out of control—and people knew it and they didn't do anything about it," he said, shaking back tears. "They marched around the school choosing people out of the way and talking about killing people. It could have been stopped. You can't say no one knew?"

Another student who knew Harris and Kibbel well came forward to say he had even told police



THE COLUMBINE VICTIMS



that the two were making pipe bombs and using Harris' Web site to threaten students. "They knew," said Brooks Brown, 18. "They knew and they didn't do anything about it, and because of that people are dead." The father of a Columbine High student told the *Aurora Morning News* he gave police privy to Harris' Web site, which he wrote that "I love in Denver and I would love to kill almost all the residents." People with their rich socially astute, thinking they are all high and mighty. "I will give explosives all over town and devastate each one of them at will after I have done whole area of town," Police, and the unidentified man, did nothing.

What police found when they first got into Columbine High after the shootings made clear that Harris' writing amounted to a ritual blueprint for the plan he and Kibbel carried out last week. Somehow they had hatched a cache of explosives into the building—including 200-pm pipe bombs and devices studded with glass, nails and BBs designed to spray victims with deadly fragments. They planted about 35 devices throughout the school, including a 9kg propane tank inside a ductile bag, rigged with a gasoline can and a timer. They put, Sheriff John Stone, "were not only on a killing rampage, but they were going to destroy the school."

Outside, they had body-dropped Kibbel's BMW and planted bombs in at least two other cars in school parking lots. It was strikingly credible, said investigators, that the two teens could have built all

these weapons based on a dresser and home-making materials. "A lot of this stuff was clearly visible," he said, "and the parents should have known." Both sets of parents were being questioned by police.

The question left hanging was how would it be possible for just two more teens in a growing list of American towns scared by the Columbine would the unprecedented list of death-fallings a serious effort to end it? The man in charge of the investigation, Jefferson County District Attorney David Thomas, stood in the spare room outside Columbine High school and spoke from the garage—not, he said, as a law enforcement officer, but as a lifelong resident of the area and the father of two children who graduated from the school. People from all around the world, he said, had been asking him, "What's going on in America? You're the greatest nation on earth, and this occurred in a suburban high school in Colorado."

Thomas talked about all the things that might have led to the killings—about cultural change and a mass media that denounces children to violence, about how his own department failed to spot the signs of impending trouble from Harris and Kibbel, about how American society seems to be turning out children without feeling or remorse. "If we in America can't solve this moment," he said, "Then we need to put it together how to raise the children of this home town come to the inside their own school." □



Murders at the perimeter of Columbine High School: the mass murder was a rarity, but the teen rage that fueled it is all too common

COVER

TEENS UNDER SIEGE

BY PATRICIA CRUSHOLM

The lunchtime scene at Leaside High School in central Toronto is reassuringly innocuous: a hundred or so giggling, pompous teenagers seated along rows of yellow tables. The school, about a dozen well-built, mid-confident guys who straddle their chairs, are the only obvious clique. Some kids are playing cards, others are doing their homework. A few of the girls are talking about the semi-formal dance scheduled for that evening. The kids here know about last week's horrendous massacre at a school not unlike theirs in Littleton, Colo., and it's something they can't help thinking about. "You know, we have cliques in our school too," says Miranda, 15. "There are the people who dress in strange clothing. Some who smoke, and do drugs or have sex. We kind of put that down. But mostly we just ignore them."

Leaside, located in a leafy, middle-class Toronto neighborhood, could be almost any high school in any of the North American community, including Littleton's Columbine High School. Most kids, at most of these schools, are worried about their social life, their friends, their grades in geography that order. The very few who might be violent seem to be the fringe, way out of only occasional concern. But the rampage at Columbine may have altered all that. While a shooting spree as which two boys laugh as they row down 33 people, then kill themselves, is clearly a rare

event, the seething adolescent rage that fueled it is all too common. Part of the problem, some social scientists say, is that being a teenager has never been tougher. North American culture is on the fast-forward, forcing children as young as 11 and 12 to grapple with real-life sex, blood-soaked movies, and the Internet's interactive fire-for-all, where anonymity of violence, hatred and pornography disorients virtually uncontrolled. The 100-million teenagers evidently learned how to make their shrunken-leaded pipe bombs from the Web.

Parents, teachers and other counselors may also have to share some of the blame. Too often, experts say, children have virtually no adult guidance when it comes to confronting the outside of mass culture. Adults frequently shy away from investigating teen-age subgroups, hoping that a disconnection with death or anarchy or Hitler (all three apparently observed the Colorado teens) is merely a "phase." At the same time, the traditional buffers of extended family, religion and community have atrophied, leaving young kids to rely on each other for support. Add firearms to this uneasy brew and the explosive results start to look almost predictable. "If you get a less-than-adequate of firm to conventional supports, these kids have to go somewhere," says the University of Western Ontario's Alan Leschick, a leading Canadian researcher on teen violence and head of a project in

London, Ont., that counsels young offenders. "Use of the bag things with all adolescents is just, in terms of identifying with the culture, they try on different things. These kids just got on a very damaging ideology."

On the surface, the Colorado teens hardly seemed threatening. Although they favored long black trenchcoats, a uniform borrowed from the Goth music subculture, Geoff (Joan Geard) is not known for violence or aggression but only for a warlike fascination with death, dark clothing and theatrical makeup—white faces, black lips. One of the killers, Eric Harris, 18, actually preferred "industrial music," which glorifies anti-authoritarian behavior. Other students have described him and the other killer, Dylan Klebold, 17, as "bored" but most of what was chilling about them was not outwardly obvious. Harris wrote he wanted to kill everyone in Denver as an obscure Web site he maintained, and the pair made a video several months before the shootings depicting themselves in their long black trenchcoats, pushing down students as they ran through the school's hallway. *Natural Born Killers*, a 1994 film by Oliver Stone about two young murderers guilty of remorse, was one of Harris's favorite films.

One of the keys to understanding their bizarre idea of nihilism, some have suggested, may be their very limited social contacts and rage of activities. Harris said Klebold apparently filled that social and emotional vacuum by locating their recruitment and rape-generated scenes of violence and anarchy.

"What happens with extremely alienated kids," explains Stephen Kent, a sociologist at the University of Alberta who specializes in alternative belief systems, "is that they will most likely obtain their values from the primary deviant subgroups. They spend more time with fringe groups of time with one another, the exclusion of contact with a larger society."

Trouble starts when the values of the subculture are profoundly antithetical, Kent adds. If it encourages its members to distrust the pain of others—for instance, by playing violent computer games over and over, repeatedly viewing violent videos or torturing animals—the members come to believe that pain "isn't a big thing," Kent says. They then feel free to vent their anger on the object of their hatred: the successful jocks who teased or disrespected them, the popular girls who wouldn't date them, or male subcultures. Harris and Klebold, says Kent, "probably felt a tremendous sense of power, in control of their peers, for the first time in their lives. They were suddenly violent in having their peers beg for mercy. To need

IS GUN CONTROL THE SOLUTION?

On the evening of April 20, while analysts of North Americans revered by their TV sets for the latest news from Littleton, Colo., about 50 gun owners gathered at a community hall in Paradise, N.S., for an anti-gun-control rally. MP Gary Birtles, the Reform party's crusading critic of Ottawa's gun registry, was the star attraction. He unveiled a poll showing that most Canadians regard registering guns as less important than other crime-prevention measures, such as tougher sentences for violent criminals and more cops on the streets. The package of the Colorado high school was hardly mentioned. "The problem is a society that generates a certain amount of

evil more. The Matrix that made these kids turn violent," says Dr. Katherine Leonard, a Toronto specialist in adolescent medicine and an expert on firearm deaths among young people. "Well, if they had had knives, not guns, there would not be so many people dead."

There is a deep and widening gap between gun laws in Canada and the United States. Ottawa passed a gun registration act in 1995 and began implementing its regulations last year. Under them, every law-abiding gun owner will have to be registered by the end of 2000, every firearm must be registered by the end of 2002. At last week, 452,000 owners of nearly 1.3 million guns were recorded in the computerized database. The system allows the government to cross-check new gun sales automatically against police records. Critics of the registry had scoffed that nobody under police scrutiny or facing criminal charges would try to buy a gun legally and that the registry was farcical. But so far, about 30 per cent of prospective buyers are settling off the system's warning bells, and about 10 per cent of those are being denied guns after further investigation, according to the police department.

In the United States, there is no comprehensive system. And while Canada bans automatic weapons and short-barreled handguns, such firepower is widely and legally available at the United States. Still, the Colorado shootings prompted Clinton administration officials to express hope that a modest gun-control package aimed to be sent to Congress soon might pass. One proposed provision requires who committed a violent crime as a juvenile, first owning a gun as an adult. But the prospects are expected to face stiff resistance in the Republican-controlled Congress and fierce opposition from the National Rifle Association. For another while, the cost, the time and the money may be as successful as many Americans—and to Canadians like those in Paradise.

Armed gun dealer: Birtles

alienation," says Gary Aneff, a local Littleton school owner who helped stage the meeting. "It's rap culture." The features today was looking back last week on the theory that guns don't kill people, kids raised on blood-drenched movies, short-term video games and death-obsessed Internet sites do. But gun-control advocates were quick to point out that if contemporary culture sometimes fosters violent fantasies, disturbed teenagers need hardware to turn them into real bloodshed. "We hear, it's the

evil more. The Matrix that made these kids turn violent," says Dr. Katherine Leonard, a Toronto specialist in adolescent medicine and an expert on firearm deaths among young people. "Well, if they had had knives, not guns, there would not be so many people dead."

There is a deep and widening gap between gun laws in Canada and the United States. Ottawa passed a gun registration act in 1995 and began implementing its regulations last year. Under them, every law-abiding gun owner will have to be registered by the end of 2000, every firearm must be registered by the end of 2002. At last week, 452,000 owners of nearly 1.3 million guns were recorded in the computerized database. The system allows the government to cross-check new gun sales automatically against police records. Critics of the registry had scoffed that nobody under police scrutiny or facing criminal charges would try to buy a gun legally and that the registry was farcical. But so far, about 30 per cent of prospective buyers are settling off the system's warning bells, and about 10 per cent of those are being denied guns after further investigation, according to the police department.

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JOHN GEDDES in Ottawa

TWO NATIONS COMPARED

Figures compiled by the Toronto-based Coalition for Gun Control show that while Americans murder each other much more than Canadians do, the two are not that far apart when guns are out of the picture.

Per 100,000 people	United States	Canada	U.S. over Canada
Guns	65,000	24,000	2.5 times
Murders	7.8	2.0	4.1 times
Murders with guns	5.2	0.6	8.7 times
Murders without guns	2.6	1.4	1.7 times

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COVER

that kind of rush indicates the extraordinary rage they had."

Ready access to guns was also a vital part of the equation, a situation that is much more common in the United States than in Canada. But while the last time a high-school-age student went on a shooting spree in Canada occurred in Ottawa in October, 1975 (and in Thurston, Ont., five months earlier), the weapons contained in up to a quarter of Canada's households still pose another danger: the tragedy of teen suicide. Fully 60 per cent of Canadian males aged 15 to 19 who are killed by guns turned the weapons on themselves. Dr. Katherine Leonard, a Toronto specialist in adolescent medicine, is now drafting guidelines for pediatricians recommending that they urge the parents of depressed teenagers, particularly boys, to get guns out of their homes. "Teenagers who don't have a firearm available are less likely to kill themselves," she says. "You might think, 'Oh, they'll just jump off a bridge or something.' That's simply not the case."

For those faced with the daunting task of trying to anticipate which kids are at risk, Gregory Potts, a child psychologist at the University of Calgary, has some suggestions. The signs of a major breakdown may not be overt, he warns. Most teenagers want to be seen as in control, and they work hard at masking their feelings. Parents should ask themselves whether it is possible to have a warm, supportive conversation with their child about things the child finds are important. Is there evidence of bullying? Kids who feel rejected may start to reject others in the same way, by taunting or name-calling, for instance. Is the child constantly trying to distract himself from his inner trauma with high-motivation activities, such as computer games? Is he self-absorbed in media—movies, TV, Web sites—that feature violence? Often, Potts notes, it is those who are most likely to be aware of the warning signs—friends and family members—who are least likely to see a problem, either because of embarrassment or simply because they are unaware of what they are seeing. "It's up to the parents and the school to pay attention when it looks like a teenager is beginning to go off the track," Potts says.

Of course, wading through the miasma of adolescence can be undeniably difficult. As both Potts and Leonard point out, it takes a multitude of factors to create a Littleton. "It is dangerous to take a very complex thing and whittle it down to one single cause," cautions Leonard. "It's a combination of how culture is working, how the family is working, how the culture within that school was developing. All of this came together to create this tragedy."

With SUSAN MCCLELLAND in Toronto and JONN GEDDES in Ottawa

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A MORAL BLIND SPOT

BY CHRIS WOOD

Sylvia Hartley's hair is glossy and dark, like the victim's, but the 35-year-old also has a model's poise. In late 1997, when she and Reena Virk were both 14, her boyfriend was Warren Glatkowski, age 17 and son of two teenagers charged with murdering Virk, a chubby and troubled Vancouver teen-ager, on Nov. 14, 1997. According to prosecutors, the slender young man confessed to Hartley what he had done at least twice before his arrest a week after Virk's Friday night death. She never believed it, editors told me. Last week, testifying at Glatkowski's murder trial, Hartley said she had not bothered to review her earlier statements to refresh her memory before coming to testify. "It was not a very interesting subject," she said.

Call it a disconnected from responsibility. Call it a disconnect, a moral blind spot. The same truth also resuscitated us as to us they searched for explanation for the Littleton, Colo., massacre are also evident at the Virk case. And they present a challenge that Crown prosecutors, trying Glatkowski for a charge of second-degree murder in Victoria, cannot avoid with school officials, police and parents everywhere as they try to prevent more tragedies from happening. "We ask ourselves," says John Gagliardi, a district principal with the Victoria School Board, "there's something else, something more, we should be doing?"

In B.C. Superior Court, Glatkowski in person offers no more clues than his regretful, late, late in the classroom prosecutor's box, barely moving during hours of testimony that, so far, have shed much heartily on the last hours of Reena Virk. Like her, relatively little on its critical last minutes. That is when the Crown contends that Glatkowski, and a group of seven girls with whom he had earlier played in Reena's house, set upon her a second time and left her dead in the dark waters of the Gorge, a winding sub-waterway between Victoria and neighboring Esquimalt.

Testimony in the first two weeks of the trial has established that Glatkowski and his alleged accomplices were among about 15 teenagers gathered at a house frequented by the Gorge where a fight broke out. As half a dozen girls surrounded Virk, pushing her back and beat her, she lit forward over a railing. Glatkowski joined in with his fist. Testified Lorne Wolcott, 37. "I looked down to where Reena Virk was, I saw Warren kicking her in the face." The kids were delivered so hard, he said, that Virk's head flew backward up into the air.

Despite the beating, Virk was able to get to her feet and stagger off. The Crown contends that Glatkowski and his accomplices, who can be identified only as K.M.E., who she had to go to the hospital, were in adult court, attacked Virk a second time. By the end of that first beating, pathologist Laurel Gray told the court, Virk's brain was swelling from



The Reena Virk case continues to cast a pall

A 1997 memorial depicts Virk's troubling



repeated blows to her head, there were bruises on her liver and pancreas, and her abdomen was severely damaged. "There is a good possibility she could have died from her head injuries alone," Gray testified. Virk was likely unconscious and may have had a grand mal seizure as a result of her head injuries by the time she finally died.

Prosecutors are relying in part on Hartley's recollection of her boyfriend's alleged confession to make their case against Glatkowski. But in common with several other teenage witnesses, Hartley has shown an apparent reluctance to Virk's murder that has troubled and perplexed courtroom observers. One official last week described Hartley's demeanor during a police interview as, "her lack of a better word, cold." During another interview that was videotaped and played (courtroom, an investigator later pointed out, Hartley's impressive answers "I don't think I'd be a part in it or in a homicide," he says.

Such apparent emotional detachment is chilling—and difficult to deal with. In Victoria schools, says Gagliardi, "we work hard as people who are later, who are in charge, who are in charge of being disenchanted. We've got to get out there and reach out to them." In the wake of Virk's death, the B.C. government stepped up its measures against youth violence, creating a resource center in Burnaby that acts as a clearinghouse for reference and support programs in the region. Among its projects: squads of youth facilitators who assist troubled teenagers about preventing violence.

In tragic coincidence, police in the communities where Virk and her attackers lived launched a new initiative on two weeks before her death. After the tragedy, they refocused their efforts on getting kids to open up to police about what they hear on the street. Dubbed Rock Solid, the project has the officers driving up to schools in a stepped-up 1996 black Camaro and opening their hood-lamp doors with pulsing rock music, all to encourage teenagers to talk to cops. And despite Virk's brutal death, officials in Victoria paid to some concerning indicators. Violent incidents in area schools, says Seneca Court, King Elliott, a Rock Solid team member, are down. Calls to the province's toll-free Youth Against Violence line are up. In the schools that Virk and her associates attended, no weapons have been found "in recent memory," says Gagliardi.

Warren Glatkowski's trial continues this week. K.M.E. is scheduled to be tried in Vancouver in November. Sylvia Hartley does not face any charges. She left court after testifying that week, an emotional reminder that all the well-meaning programs in the world can still fall short, on a clear morning night by the water, when the crisp air crackles with hormones, boredom and indifference. □



Bob Levin Casualties of the right to bear arms

OK, let's get this straight. The kids—the folks—called themselves the Trenchcoat Mafia. They were into beyoncé-style music, violent video games, black lipstick and nail polish, they seemed nervous in their black outfits and talked about Virk about how to buy guns and build gas bunkers. But they were just losers, outcasts

Gorky. A little weird. Kids other kids make fun of. They didn't seem to be a problem.

What's wrong with this picture? We go looking for answers, we always do, knowing full well there may be none. A couple of disturbed kids—it could happen anywhere, any time, I don't know anything. Maybe it's easier to think that. Otherwise you have to dissect the whole culture, to blame, as Americans conservatives do, the permissive society, or, taking the liberal line, to blame guns. You have to consider negligent parents and oblivious educators and whether you really need to get into the details, and you have to wonder what's going on—how happened? We've all become—when kids who give the Nuremberg after rolling around in the school bowling league are just different, not a problem.

Maybe, in a way, the conservatives and liberals are both right. Sure, there have always been outcast kids, but today's outcasts are downed into violence. The WWF or Marilyn Manson, they can combine with like-minded losers on Internet chat sites and not feel alone. And once their rage is stoked and justified as they're deep into the darkness and set to let loose as kids have long done in a last cry of an old dream or simply with a desperate cry to a crowd, they can grab a handy semiautomatic and, borrowing cool moves from the latest flick, go blow away their classmates.

That this happened in Littleton, Colo.—so serene and scrubbed it ought to be in Canada—was evidence enough that no place is immune. But you can't shoot people without a gun and this is where the conservatives and the old-fashioned National Rifle Association go to see senseless deaths. So far, their efforts. Second Amendment driven about the right to bear arms, quoting Jefferson and Madison and Hamilton on the importance of a well-regulated citizenry, as if the enemy were still a colonial power threatening American liberty at musket-point and not drive-by shooters and trigger-happy teens. "In the NRA," goes the slogan, and a million of 250 other people besides with some 230 million guns (compared with seven million among 30 million Canadians). Every year, guns kill 85.7 Americans per 100,000 and 3.8 Canadians per 100,000, in 1996-1997, more than 6,000 U.S. students were expelled for packing heat to school.

The gun culture you can't ever imagine how ubiquitous it is. I grew up in the States and it still strikes me. In Indiana a disowned woman I knew slept with a loaded handgun under her pillow, ready for any intruder; the kid in the southeast below me got drunk one night and shot up the fire station, a stroll in the country ended with a woman jumping up from behind my car and poking me in the gut with a shotgun, telling me why I'd walked on her property. (Her husband, peeling up with his life lying conveniently across his shoulders, was a freemason sort.) In Oklahoma, dinner at a new acquaintance's house closed with the kids—a grade-school boy and girl—going out "to do some shooting" and I assumed, happy until I heard the gunfire. In Atlanta, where most whites live north of I-20 and blacks south of it, my wife was officially told, upon starting work at the newspaper downtown, that while many people bring guns to the office please check them at the front desk before riding up to the newsroom.

Thus in a national obsession and it's late on Oct. 10 the NRA's Web site, its president Charlton Heston—who likes to paint out to the masses he placed three great deeds, several kings, a few saints. Old and New Testament prophets and of course Moses—warns members (and you can feel that) that the schedule of the 1999 national meeting in Denver this week has been modified "to show our profound respect for and respect for the families and communities... in the time of great loss."

Which is a delicate way of saying that, politically speaking, this is not the best moment for greedy buyers of enough advanced weaponry to invade Yugoslavia, but neither, apparently, is it a time to remember "our previous freedoms" in the hopes of what can be saving a few kids.

Guns, a death-obscure culture, disaffected youths: that's a potent combination but it's hardly new. In 1925, James Dean, Natalie Wood and Sid Mince were the troubled teens in *Rebel Without a Cause*, playing out their alienation with knives, guns and killer hot rods. "Teenage terror" has been today's headlines," listed the movie poster and, more aptly, today's the film advocated violence, madness and death and unfairly implied parents.

We look for answers, always, and maybe sometimes the answers are too simple: Maybe you can't blame Littleton on Deane and heavy metal. Maybe the whole safety issue is overstated, blown up by a few horrific incidents. The U.S. Centers for Disease Control and Prevention says fewer than one per cent of all homicides among school-age children occur in or around schools, which means almost none. That don't try that on the parents of 24 Colorado kids whose rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness were snuffed out by the right to bear arms.

B.C. Liberal Leader
Gordon Campbell
is poised for power

A PREMIER IN WAITING?

BY CHRIS WOOD

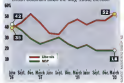
The leader of Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition in the province of British Columbia is in his Vancouver office, suit jacket slipped off to uncover a white shirt still crisp at 5 o'clock on a Friday afternoon. At the end of a lengthy interview that has dealt with Gordon Campbell's political challenges and his Liberal party's policy aspirations, the conversation has turned to Campbell's stint as a volunteer teacher in West Africa in the early 1970s. To illustrate a story, Campbell suddenly rises, goes to the door, turns and dawdles, crumpling back to his seat. It is a mark of respect among West Africans, he says—and one that Campbell, then an idealistic and enthusiastic young journalist, was not expecting when a local man approached him for a job. "I learned," he says of his experience in Nigeria, "that you are to people what you are for others."

For a growing number of British Columbians unhappy with the NDP government that has ruled there since 1993, Campbell and his party are the beacons of hope for a better future. When B.C. Premier Glen Clark was able to boast last week of securing the legislature's approval for the first treaty signed with B.C. natives in this century, the victory was a rare one for his troubled party. In came, moreover, an additional political cost: the landmark treaty with the Nisga'a was passed on April 22 only after the government lay poised closure to bring an end to debate. Campbell's Liberals voted against the pact. And in a province flirting with recession, burdened by some of the country's highest personal taxes, swayed by a growing public debt and transfixed by nonstop political scandal, Campbell is promising to weed socialist approaches from the civil service, slash taxes, balance the budget and revive the economy. But, he admits, he knows only too well

that "you're not going to be elected, or you don't get to do any of this stuff." And even with the New Democrats in apparent political freefall, Campbell's electability remains an open question. One old rival, former NDP premier Mike Harcourt, expresses a view shared privately even by some Campbell supporters when he says, "Gordon is capable of crumpling defeat from the jaws of victory." It has happened before: Campbell lost the last B.C. election to a credibility battle with Harcourt's successor, Clark. Whether the former Vancouver mayor loses the next election—which must be called before May 2001, but could come as early as this fall—will depend heavily on who voters decide Gordon Campbell finally is.

LIBERAL RESURGENCE

Predicted party support among doctoral voters in British Columbia since the May 1996 election



By most conventional political calculus, victory for Campbell's Liberals in British Columbia's next election should be a sure thing. In a mid-February survey of voting intentions, Vancouver's MarkFrost Research found support for the governing New Democrats at 24 per cent, far behind that of Campbell's Liberals, at 53 per cent. Events since that poll was taken have done nothing to improve the New Democrats' standing. Shortly after the survey, police searched Clark's east Vancouver home in the course of an investigation into the swindling of a casino licence to a group of investors,

which included a friend of Clark's, Durrant Plonaco. It is a construction contractor who, it emerged, built two sanctuaries for the premier, one at his house in Vancouver and at another (with Clark's help) at his Okanagan Valley summer retreat. Last week's political drama in the B.C. legislature over the Nisga'a treaty diverted attention from Clark's personal political woes. But the former union organizer's hold on his caucus and cabinet appears to be slipping. Senate criticisms have publicly questioned government policy and at least two key members of Clark's inner circle—deputy premier Don Miller and Finance Minister Joy MacPhail—are reported to have told him privately that he should resign for the good of the party.

Still, Campbell has failed in the past to capitalize on NDP misery. In 1996, six months after a previous governing scandal forced Harcourt from office (despite an absence of evidence that he was personally involved in wrongdoing), Clark out-campaigned Campbell to steer his party to its first-ever second consecutive majority government. "If they ended at anything," says MarkFrost vice-president John Warran of the New Democrats, "they ended at putting things behind them." Some political observers expect Clark to resign in the weeks ahead (perhaps soon after presenting the historic treaty at the Nisga'a annual convention this week). That would clear the way for a new leader to revive the party's flagging fortunes, says Warran. "They've got two years," she notes. "If the economy improves, people have such short memories they could very well forget and forgive."

Perhaps. But what happens if C. Liberals is the force that Campbell's own performance may help them dole. Since taking over the party leadership in 1993, Campbell has been dogged by doubts about his convictions and an ill-defined public sense that the man cannot

quite be trusted. Vancouver city councillor Gordon Price, an attorney who considers Campbell to have "an essential integrity," also says of him, "He just doesn't seem able to click with the public. His private personality, his sense of humour, just don't come across the party the way he looks. Too good, too rich, too Howe Street."

That silver spoon, private-club image is an especially ironic handicap for a politician whose childhood ended abruptly at age 13, with his father's suicide. Until his death in 1961, Dr. Charles Gordon (Charles) Campbell had seemed to lead a flawless existence. He was handsome, a successful physician who became assistant dean of medicine at the University of British Columbia in Vancouver, and the father of four good-looking and gifted children. But beneath the surface there were darker currents. Charles Campbell was workaholic who drank heavily; his suicide by an overdose of prescription drugs (the years, his children publicly attributed the death to a heart attack) left his family in straitened circumstances. Widowed, Peg Campbell raised her daughter and three young sons out of the comfortability. Post-Gary house they could no longer afford into a tiny apartment, taking a job as a secretary to support her brood. In the heat of the taking the role of male "head of the household" fell to Gordon—the eldest son. "Did that shape me?" Campbell asks now. "Of course it did. How could it not? We were latchkey kids before they invented the term."

But Campbell refuses to dwell on the emotional toll of his father's death. He certainly did not allow it to limit his adolescent success. At school, he was a track star who performed well enough academically to win a scholarship to Dartmouth College in New Hampshire, alma mater of former U.S. vice-president Nelson Rockefeller, among others. There, he studied urban management. During a



With wife Anne, as alternative to the scandal-plagued NDP

summer break back in Vancouver, he met and fell in love with an athletic young woman studying to become a Finnish teacher.

Campbell and Nancy Chappell met after graduating, and together volunteered to work abroad through the Canadian Universities Service Overseas. The couple (they have two sons) spent two years in Nigeria teaching in a residential school, an experience that Campbell calls "a huge gift for us." Before Luc's, now eleven-year-old son for the CBC Radio series *Aleah*, but then a fellow CUSD volunteer, stayed for days at a time at the couple's quarters in Yala, near the Cameroon border, waiting to fly out of the remote town's grain airstrip. He remembers a hospitable, very funny young man who liked to get national songs and perform them on his guitar. Campbell's reasons for being there, Lucie says, were his father's. "It was a sense of adventure and it was also a sense of wanting to contribute something."

What Campbell remembers about Nigeria is telling: "It was not a democracy," he says. "It was not a place where people could change things." Within months of his return to Vancouver in 1973, Campbell started his climb through the ranks of his political ally, eventually compiling a record of change even as he acquired the establishment status that now deflects voters' trust. A fellowing at Vancouver city hall led to a job as then-Mayor Art Whalley's assistant. When Whalley left office in 1976, Campbell found work at Marathon Realty, then a development arm of Canadian Pacific Ltd. Leaving three five years later, he started his own development company, consulting two midsize houses in Vancouver. By the early 1980s, he had become well connected and intimately familiar with both the public and private sides of the central issue of the decade for Vancouver: how to manage dramatic growth. In 1984, he sought and won a seat on city council. Two years later, still barely looking 35, he began the first of three terms as the city's mayor.

By 1992, Vancouver was booming, but British Columbia's Liberal opposition was in trouble. In the election two years earlier, the party, which lost out in government in British Columbia in 1985, had scored badly from poor criticism to win 37 seats in the official Opposition to Blais' victorious NDP. But leader Gordon Wilson, a married college teacher from Powell River on the B.C. coast, with no experience in managing a caucus, soon found himself derailed by a love affair with his house leader. A caucus revolt in early 1993 forced Wilson to step aside. That fall, Campbell joined the party leadership. (Wilson and Reformers MLA Jack Tyndal subsequently married and formed their own party, the Progressive Democratic Alliance; Wilson held his seat in the last election, but in January joined the NDP cabinet, where he is now considered a possible successor to Clark.)

Leaving the election that followed still makes Campbell. The Liberals won 42 per cent of the popular vote, more than the New Democrats' 30 per cent. But the distribution of ballots delivered 80 victories to the Liberals in the 75-seat legislature—to Clark, and only 33 to Campbell. In the nightmare scenario for center-right parties in politically bipolar British Columbia, the competing

appeal of the Reform Party of B.C. had divided the anti-NDP vote.

Campbell is determined not to let that happen again. Increasingly over the past 18 months, his speeches have evoked the steadily anti-socialist memory of the Social Credit party, which ruled British Columbia almost unchallenged for all but three years between 1952 and 1961. Evoking Social Credit, Campbell describes his Liberals as "the free-enterprise alternative" to the NDP, "standing consistently for the critically important theme of putting the right in British Columbia. He speaks admiringly of Bill Bennett, the Social premier whose early-1980s program of restraint led to massive demonstrations and a general strike in the province. "I think Bill Bennett was a very good premier," says Campbell. "He understood what the responsibilities of government are."

It is clear that Campbell's own ideas about government still reflect the young CUSD volunteer's perception that democracy should make change. At the party's annual convention in Kelowna earlier this month, Campbell undertook to make radical changes to how the B.C. government does business: introducing more live votes in the legislature, holding some cabinet meetings in public and creating a committee to examine electoral reform.

The Liberal's campaign themes, though, are more likely to focus tightly on economics. Campbell promises to deliver a "dramatic" cut in income tax, beginning within 90 days of the next election, with an eye to making the rate the lowest in the country. At the same time, he promises to balance the budget while protecting health and education. Emphasizing an issue core politics as process, Campbell also promises that the years spent courting support from the shadows of opposition, he expects for more conflict and continuing on issues beyond those of the low B.C. mainland than he was in 1990.

That will be important at election time. There are more seats at stake in the interior than in the urban Lower Mainland. But those areas are also peopled by social conservatives, deeply suspicious of the liberal values in the city where Campbell, as mayor, recreated Vancouver's first openly gay councillor and municipal police. Many prefer the unashamedly NDP-ing message they hear from Reform's de facto new leader, former premier Bill Vander Zalm, whose party enjoys 10-per-cent support provincially. Much of this in critical voting ridings where Campbell's polished, city-slicker image could hurt him most.

New Democrats, predictably, insist that change lies. "When I first knew him," says Blais, "he was a progressive-thinking assistant to Art Phillips, newly released from being a CUSD volunteer. I've seen him regress since then to being a good neoconservative. It's sad." Friends dissent. Former fellow CUSD worker Lucie, for one, got a very different sense from Campbell at a casual reunion dinner in Vancouver a couple of years ago—than their first encounter in two decades. "I felt I was meeting the same man," Lucie recalls. "That same sense of warmth." Who is Gordon Campbell, really? Even with the New Democrats in deep disarray, the Liberal leader knows he must put the question to rest, if he hopes to replace them in power. □

The New Democrats appear to be in political freefall



Clark: his bid to caucus and cabinet may be slipping



Nothing surprises you better than a letter.

EXPLOSION IN EDMONTON

Wesley Ludwig, whose training on charges relating to vandalism in the Alberta subject is scheduled to begin on May 2, suffered slight injuries when he was exploded in an Edmonton hotel parking lot. Ludwig, who was standing about five metres from the vehicle at the time of the blast, and the accident was "casualty-related," and noted that he has made many arrests as a result of his long-standing fight with the province's energy sector (he blames sour-gas wells for miscarriages and environmental problems). He denied suggestions by police that there had been explosives in the van.

SENTENCED FOR FRAUD

Toronto court trial Fred Nichols, 29, was sentenced to five years and three months in jail for telemarketing fraud. Nichols, who billed an 84-year-old American widow of \$1 million in life savings, was featured in an Oct. 16, 1998, *Maclean's* special report on the telemarketing fraud problem. Authorities say the sentence is the longest ever given to a telemarketing fraud artist in North America.

THE BERNARDO TAPES

The Supreme Court of Canada refused to hear an appeal by the families of Kristen Brown and Louis Mathias that would have the 10-year-olds being convicted by Paul Bernardo, convicted in 1995 for their brutal sex murders, be sealed permanently. The court gave no reason for its decision.

TRANSIT AT A STANDSTILL

Transit workers in Toronto walked off the job but refused to work after two days, agreeing to a raise of two per cent a year over three years with further monetary demands going to arbitration. Although the deal tested the prospect of a new hire, the Toronto Transit Commission rejected that option and called on the city to come up with more funds. The TTC handles about 600,000 rides a day.

NO FURTHER CLEANUP

Ontario announced it will take no further action to clean up the coast behind the Irving Whale ship for 28 years in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The government would have had to pay about \$20 million to remove 150 kg of chemicals that leaked into the sediment from the tanker's tanks, which was released in 1996.



DISASTER IN ONTARIO:

A Via Rail train carrying almost 200 people derailed near the southwestern Ontario town of Thamesville, killing two crew members and sending about 100 passengers to hospital, most with minor injuries. The train, on route from Windsor to Toronto, left the track and derailed into four stationary tank cars. Canada's Transportation Safety Board later confirmed that a rail switch in the wrong position. Normally the switch is controlled by traffic operators in Toronto, but CN Rail spokesman Keith Heller said authority to use it had been turned over to company maintenance workers.

Alternatives to jailing natives

In a powerful condemnation of how the Canadian judicial system deals with aboriginal offenders, the Supreme Court urged judges to help deal with the "alarming" number of offences behind bars. The court called for alternatives to jail—especially ones linked to aboriginal traditions—saying that natives are represented as aboriginals in the criminal justice system, and that the problem is growing. In recent years, sentences of imprisonment in Canada have increased at an alarming rate," the court said. "If overreaction or overinclusion is a problem with the present position, it is not much greater concern in the sentencing of aboriginal Canadians."

The court was ruling on an appeal by Joyce

Tina Gladue, who had punished her husband to death in Nanaimo, B.C., in 2005, and was sentenced to two years in prison after Gladue argued that in sentencing, the trial judge did not adequately consider her aboriginal circumstances—which 1996 parliamentary legislation asks judges to consider in sentencing aboriginal offenders. The Supreme Court said that Gladue's sentence, pointing out that she was released in six months on an electronic monitoring program. But the court's judgment—its first interpretation of the 1996 Criminal Code amendment—urged judges to consider a native offender's background and what alternatives to prison might be more effective.

A bad report card

Auditor General Denis Desautels' wide-ranging annual report to Parliament slammed, among other things, Ottawa's handling of tax collection, fisheries and justice affairs. Desautels' reported that tax evaders and the underground economy are thriving—at a cost of \$12 billion annually in lost taxes.

"Serious concerns" were also raised over man-agement problems within the shellfish industry, and inadequate tracking of the \$2.6 billion a year given to the department of Indian Affairs. Other highlights included criticism of the fact that anti-marijuana drugs were given to Somalia-bound soldiers without their consent, and of the parole system failing to keep regular track of up to 20 per cent of all convicts.

SWILL UP IN THE AIR

After a month of dropping bombs from high elevations and firing long-range cruise missiles from the safety of ships in the Atlantic Sea, NATO's air war over Yugoslavia is intensifying as ground troops begin to move into the country last week. Six U.S. army Apache helicopters arrived in southeastern Albania, the first wave of what will be a 20-chapter task force of the lethal killers. Each Apache bombards 14 Hellfire missiles, 70mm rockets and a cannon that fires 60 rounds per minute. But the significance of their arrival was greater than the odds: they bring to strategic already bristling with formidable weapons. The Apaches operate close to the ground, which increases their killing efficiency but also puts their pilots in greater danger of being shot down. By bringing the gunships, NATO signalled that driving Serbian forces out of Kosovo was no longer a low-risk venture. "The Serbs have been successful in delisting unarmed women and children," 29-year-old Capt. Mark Arden and from the commando support in Timor, Albania, where the Apaches landed. But the ships would turn the tables, he predicted, warning that they were "the tip of the spear of the entire United States army."

The odds remain long as whether the rest of the year will follow the Apaches into battle. NATO leaders, meeting in Washington for a 50th anniversary summit last weekend, pledged to "intensity" the air war and considered intensifying it to include the use of cruise missiles to enforce their ban on fast lanes to Yugoslavia. But the alliance gingerly dodged a divisive public discussion on whether to introduce ground troops into their arsenal, settling instead for sharpening their air attacks. One previous strike sent smoking strikes into Yugoslav President Slobodan Milosevic's airport but missed a mission to push Belgrade neighbourhood, in an act the Serbs called an assassination attempt. Another pounded Serbian state television station, killing at least 10 people. The Serbs said, and knocking broadcasts of the air for a few hours. Going after the heart of the Serbian state was the alliance's response to the growing chorus of critics contending air strikes alone will never be enough to defeat Milosevic. But the military doctors in Kosovo the targets needed since NATO leaders.

Midweek the strain over resolution of the war pelted their ally, NATO sought to soothe the frustration for ground troops. In the days before the summit, British Prime Minister Tony Blair had tried to prod the alliance towards using greater force. While NATO has pledged to put troops into Kosovo only as peacekeepers, Blair argued loudly that the alliance should be willing to go into Kosovo, provided air strikes had not yet weakened Serbian resistance.

But most NATO members will shun from being killed by the prospect of ground troops. Ground, whose co-operation would likely be needed for slaying any convicts, is extremely opposed, as are the Balkans, who have struggled to build their coalition government together over the air campaign alone. Most importantly, U.S. Pres-



West gives NATO's senior leaders to Clinton talks on division issues

dent Bill Clinton remains unconvinced, even though his decision to rule out a ground invasion from the start has been derided as a strategic mistake. At the summit, NATO agreed to update its assessment of how a ground attack might be carried out. But the leaders chose—possibly at least—to stick to the air campaign for now. "The debate about ground troops is still the table," said German Chancellor Gerhard Schröder.

Nor did the leaders show enthusiasm for a diplomatic solution proposed by former Russian prime minister Viktor Chernomyrdin. As Russia's special envoy, Chernomyrdin was with Milosevic in Belgrade and claimed the Yugoslav president was now prepared to allow an "international presence" into Kosovo. That was too vaguely defined for NATO, which insists its troops "form the core" of whatever force enters Kosovo after a further withdrawal.

NATO is, in fact, nervous, to keep Moscow involved in the search for a solution. Russian leaders have eluded from the wings, among apocalyptic warnings to the Western alliance against using ground troops with too much risk to expose its will in Milosevic. "Military the operation is a complex task," chorused Russian Foreign Minister Igor Ivanov. There was now a consensus at NATO, as one official in Brussels put it, to make Russia "part of the answer."

Prime Minister Jean Chrétien was among those pushing for a wider Russian role, particularly as the options over Kosovo seemed to shrink to a choice between months of bombing, with ghastly accompanying images, or the leap to a ground war with all its own sinister perils. His proposed sending Foreign Affairs Minister Lloyd Axworthy to Moscow this week, to encourage Russian cooperation. But senior Liberals also feared a growing "sense of inevitability" about the need for a ground war, and Chrétien pledged Canada would assert any NATO request for troops, saying "We will not be the ones to not be members of the team." That approach—to follow, not lead, on ground action—is appropriate for the leader of such a small NATO contributor, his advisers explained, given that "everyone knows the majority of troops in any force will be American, British and French." And those there show no signs of being well.

BRUCE WALLACE in Ottawa with WILLIAM LOWTHER in Washington

KNOCKING ON THE DOOR



BY TOM FENNEL

Nehajka Karic Grown opens the front door of his suburban Toronto mansion with the brusqueness that comes from being the young son of a millionaire. Dressed in shorts and a T-shirt, the barely 20-year-old has spent the past few hours watching European soccer on television in the family room at the end of a massive marble foyer. As he watches, the telephone rings steadily. Many of the calls are from Belgrade, where his father, Bogoljub Karic, is a minister without portfolio in Serbia's war cabinet. Ironically, while NATO jets, including Canadian CF-18s, are bombing Yugoslavia, Karic is hustling to become a Canadian citizen.

Last April, the Federal Court ruled that the 45-year-old tycoon should receive his passport, but justice department lawyers hope to introduce new evidence as an upcoming appeal that will keep him out of the country. And if it can be shown that he is part of a government that committed war crimes, his application would collapse.

As he applied a Diet Coke while sitting at a granite-covered table in the kitchen, Nehajka Karic moaned that despite the war, his father intends to return to Canada and take up residence in his 12,000-square-foot house this summer. "We love Canada," said Nehajka. "It's a great country." Maybe so, but the brick mansion, with its massive white pillars guarding an entrance, is up for sale at \$4.4 million and the Karics appear to be rearranging their Canadian real-estate operation, which now involves mainly real estate hold-

ings. Bogoljub Karic and his three brothers, Dragomir, Zorica, Sreten, their wives, some 12 children and five other relatives received permanent resident status in 1993. Many of them will be able to become full citizens over the next few years, but justice department lawyers have compiled an extensive file on Bogoljub, which they will use during the appeal. If they are successful, said department lawyer Laci Benkovic, both Bogoljub and his wife, Milanka, will be denied citizenship. "We want him in the witness stand," said Benkovic. "We want to denounce him real loud."

The Karic brothers' attention has become entangled in the war in Kosovo. The majority-Albanian province from which their ethnic Serbian family comes. Headed by Bogoljub, the brothers operate a private financial, media and industrial conglomerate that generates more than \$3 billion annually in revenues. Lately it has been the Karic's Belgrade-based SIS television network that has commanded most of their attention. Formerly independent, it has become a major propaganda vehicle for the war effort of Yugoslav President Slobodan Milosevic. The Karics have boasted its signal to cover all of Serbia, Montenegro and Kosovo in an attempt to offer what Bogoljub called a true picture of Serbia.

Although in 1997 Bogoljub claimed to harbour intentions of challenging Milosevic politically, he soon returned to the fold. In October, 1996, he accepted his ministerial post in the Serbian government. Critics were not surprised. They have long claimed the Karic family is part of a "kleptocracy" in which business and

political leaders jointly run the economy to their mutual benefit. Certainly the family shares the wealth at a personal level: three months ago, at the birth of Milosevic's first grandson, 12 members of the family were armed to bring several kilograms of gold as a gift. But Nehajka maintains that his father would be a worthy Canadian. "He is not involved in the war," insists Nehajka. "He's doing other things."

Bogoljub's brother Dragomir, who owns a lower stake at \$1.5 million in Toronto's north end where his son Sreten lives, is also deeply involved with Milosevic. Dragomir financed the private visit to Belgrade last week of the Russian Orthodox patriarch. Along the board. The patriarch's meeting with Milosevic was an important propaganda boost for the Yugoslav regime, which is focused on gaining support from Russia and putting popular pressure on President Boris Yeltsin to intervene more actively on the side of Belgrade. Dragomir also has close ties with Vukob Chetvanovic, Yeltsin's special envoy who also flew to Belgrade to meet with Milosevic last week. Before they began their international sojourn, most of the Karics lived in the small Kosovo city of Pec. At one point, their finances were so bad that the brothers raised money by playing in a band in restaurants in Germany. Their sudden rise as a corporate powerhouse began in earnest when they created the Karic Bank in 1986, less than two years after Milosevic took over as leader of Serbia. During the first half of the early 1990s, the bank made large sums of money by borrowing funds and repaying later, after inflation reduced the value of the debts to almost nothing. The brothers also expanded to Moscow, and the business grew for on trading in raw materials—buying cheap from the government and selling abroad.

The Karics' quest for Canadian citizenship came to light two years ago when they became embroiled in the takeover of Bel Pagets, a Belgrade-based printing outfit. The company was founded by Canadian Zorica Markovic, who had returned to his native Serbia in 1990. With war threatening to tear the country apart, Markovic's Canadian investors wanted to be bought out, and they turned to the Karics. When Markovic rejected the brothers' offer, he says, armed members of the notorious Tigers militia seized the Bel Pagets offices and he fled for his life. The militia is headed by Zeljko Razvic, known as the "Butcher of Bel Pagets," who has been indicted for war crimes by Canadian justice. Louis Arbour, chief prosecutor at the international tribunal in The Hague. At the time of the Bel Pagets controversy, leading opposition politicians charged many other firms in the country were being taken over by people close to Milosevic.

While evidence linking the Karics' fortune directly to Milosevic has never been produced, some critics suggest that the strategists helped the brothers create the Karic Bank in 1989 to assist in financing the country's war efforts in Croatia and Bosnia. Others, including a prominent Toronto immigration lawyer close to the Karics who spoke to Markovic, say the Karics made most of their fortune running the magazine that the United Nations sanctioned against Yugoslavia from 1986 to 1994 due to its role in Bosnia. That allegation is supported by findings in a report prepared by the Canadian Security Intelligence Service. The CSIS report, seen by

Milosevic, also claims the Karics "armed, trained and transported" Bosnian volunteers to fight with the ethnic Serbs in Bosnia. A U.S. intelligence official, meanwhile, told the House Committee that the Yugoslav ambassador to Moscow and Bogoljub Karic transferred several million dollars through banks in the Karic family. "Karic is a key member of Serbia Inc.," said the unnamed official. "We will get them."

While granting his Canadian initiative, Karic also wanted to become a citizen of Ireland (he had failed in Britain). As part of his strategy, he created a number of companies under a business name that sounded like a family name, but was eventually found misleading. No reasons were made public.

Little of this information appeared to be available to Citizenship Judge Walter Boross in Toronto in 1997 when he was asked to rule on Bogoljub and Milanka Karic's citizenship. He concluded his hearing by shaking hands with Karic and telling him that he was just the type of immigrant Canada was looking for. As Karic left the courtroom, both he and his lawyer, Stephen Green, assumed he would soon be a Canadian.

Before putting his decision in writing, however, Boross read an article in Karic and Bel Pagets that appeared in the March 10, 1997, issue of *Maclean's*. In his written decision on April 20, 1997, Boross reversed his position on Karic, suggesting that the Yugoslav businessman had not met the residency requirements that lead to citizenship. Green immediately launched an appeal, which was heard early in 1998, arguing that the judge's original statement, in which he welcomed Karic, was the binding ruling. On March 28, 1998, the Federal Court of Canada told Boross to stand.

Green's appeal of that ruling will be heard later this year. In the end, though, Karic's future may rest with Arbour. Recently, the Ragan prosecutor said she was considering charging Milosevic with war crimes. If the charges are in fact proven, Karic's appeal, it could sink his case. According to Section 29 of the Immigration Act, persons will not be granted citizenship if they "are senior members in the service of a government that is engaged in war crimes."

Members of the Karic family who are already in Canada are working primarily as property management through two separate companies: SIS Family Holdings Inc. of Toronto and Stelco International Properties Inc., located in the Toronto suburb of Richmond Hill. Stelco International is housed in the seven-story office building at Dugan International Inc. Two years ago, Dugan was the Karic's main business vehicle in Canada. In addition to real estate, it was involved in book publishing and commodities trading.

Last week, members of the Karic family contacted by *Maclean's* refused to discuss their business operations. Instead, Nehajka went to talk about the war in Kosovo. The Serbian people are not frightened, he said as he showed off the interior of the mansion. "Kosovo has always been Serbian," he insisted. "And it always will be." But the role Nehajka's father plays in keeping Kosovo Serbian could determine whether he becomes a Canadian citizen.

PHOTO: JUDITH MACPHERSON AND PHOTOGRAPHY: TERRY LEE

THE BROTHERS KARIC



Bogoljub Karic:
An citizenship
application
(right): An
Toronto-area
home (top left)



Dragomir, Zorica, Sreten

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World NOTES

TRADE BID FAILS

Foreign Affairs Minister Lloyd Axworthy was unable to persuade the U.S. counterpart to restore special trade status for the \$5-billion-a-year Canada defence industry. Secretary of State Madeleine Albright agreed only to study the impact of the U.S. decision to drop most-favoured-nation status for Canadian aerospace and satellite companies. Washington, citing security concerns, wants Canadian companies to obtain special export licenses before selling a product abroad containing U.S. high-tech components.

TIMOR VIOLENCE FLARES

Despite a signed ceasefire between rebels and anti-independence militias, the killing of witnesses who support independence continued in East Timor. Violence has increased since January, when Jakarta agreed to hold a UN-supervised vote on the island's future. Indonesia reassured the former Portuguese colony after the civil war in 1975.

TURKEY VEERS RIGHT

Turkey's Islamic Virtue Party suffered a setback in national elections, while the far-right Nationalist Action Party made major gains and could broker its way into a coalition with Prime Minister Bülent Ecevit's Democratic Left Party. Despite wide political differences, Ecevit prepared to work with the Nationalists. Both parties take a hard line against the country's rebellious Kurds.

CRASH TIED TO SICKNESS

A Dutch parliamentary inquiry into the 1992 crash of an B-46 plane that slammed into an Amsterdam apartment building, killing 48 people, faulted the government for sluggish investigations. Dutchers suffered by people living in the area, but said there was no coverage. The crash triggered a toxic fibril containing dozens of chemicals, including one that can be used to make the deadly nerve gas sarin. Spent sarin was also onboard the Tel Aviv-bound flight.

ITALIAN VOTE SCRUBBED

A referendum to reform Italy's voting system was declared void after less than half the electorate turned out. Those that did voted overwhelmingly to scrap proportional representation in favour of a majority system and end the gridlock that has given Italy 56 governments since the Second World War.



RIOT WRECKAGE: Debris blocks Mountain View Avenue, one of the main access routes to Kingston's Munster Airport, after protests swept the Jamaican capital and other centres, leaving nine dead and all but shutting down the country. Grievances by a sharp increase in taxes that pushed the price of gasoline from 61 cents to 73 cents per litre, demonstrators looted stores and stole motorbikes. Order returned only after the government proposed a rollback of the increases. Many tourists were stranded for up to two days when the rioting—and the blocked airport roads—led some airlines to temporarily suspend Jamaica flights.

Sonia Gandhi's long journey

Sonia Gandhi has always defied politics and had from public view. When her mother-in-law, Indira Gandhi, was assassinated in 1984, the Indian-born housewife lived far from her pilot husband Rajiv's life and begged him not to take his mother's place as prime minister. When her husband was indeed killed in 1991, she went into seclusion, shunning the politicians who begged her to lead them. But a year ago, after much coaxing, 51-year-old Sonia reluctantly emerged from the shadows to lead the venerable Congress party, which has ruled India for 45 of the 52 years since independence. Last week, the woman who speaks English and Hindi with an Indian accent was heading to become India's next prime minister. On April 17, as part due to maneuvering by

Gandhi herself, Prime Minister Atal Bihari Vajpayee lost a vote of confidence in parliament by one vote and resigned. The Congress party, which the Gandhi family has dominated since Indira's father, Jawaharlal Nehru, first led it in the anti-colonial 1950s, hoped to form the next government. But the complex arithmetic of India's splintered political scene—and objections among some parties to her foreign background—kept Gandhi from forming a coalition in the 543-seat parliament. While declining continued, many analysts expected Indian President K. R. Narayanan to order a federal election—the third in three years. That could still propel Sonia Gandhi, who proved wildly popular on the bus trips last time out, to the prime ministership.

Securing the smallpox virus from terrorists

To help guard against a possible attack by so-called bio-terrorists, U.S. President Bill Clinton said his government would retain samples of the smallpox virus under tight security at the Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta. Russia holds the only other known remaining samples. The World Health Organization has called for destruction of the virus, which was eradicated from humans worldwide in 1980. The U.S. National Security Council, however, concluded that a terrorist organization might still find a smallpox source that it could develop into a more virulent weapon. The samples would then be needed to develop new vaccines against the disease.

THE BEER PLAYOFFS

Business
SPECIAL REPORT



BY ANTHONY WILSON-SMITH

For a dozen years, every Thursday night during hockey season, Kelly Tallon and about 18 other guys in the Vancouver area ranging in age from their late 20s to early 50s have gotten together to do the same thing. In a scene in which life imitates art—or, at least, countless beer commercials—they gather at the University of British Columbia arena, don hockey equipment, divide into two teams and take to the ice. When the game is over—or sometimes even before—the drink of choice is beer. “We crack open a case in the dressing room, and maybe move to a bar after,” says Tallon, a 40-year-old

telecommunications consultant. For years, he drank Molson, a local product now owned by Labatt Breweries of Canada. But at a beer and wine event several months ago, he noticed a new display. Molson Exporter—a beer that evoked memories of his younger years in Montreal. Three days, Tallon jokes, “I’m back in my room with Molson. If I can’t have my old drinking legs back, at least I can keep the same beer gut.”

Ah, aging, when young and not-so-youthful men’s choices turn to . . . beer. Or so hope Canada’s major malt microbrewers claim, as the start of the National Hockey League playoffs also marks the launch of Canada’s main season for beer drinking. “This is the time that makes or breaks the bottom line for brewers,” says Stephen Beaumont, a Toronto-based author and expert on beer taking and trends. It also signals the beginning of especially heated battles: tactics include raising ad campaigns, price cuts, gift promotions, skirmishes over product placement in beer stores, and in the trenches, a war of words in which both consumers and competitors are eager participants.

But unlike the hockey playoffs, in which aspects are virtually certain, there is no mystery about the two finalists in the showdown for the bragging rights to beer supremacy. In recent years, Labatt has been the clear winner, prevailing clever and being and tight management along with a series of missteps at The Molson Co. Ltd. (parent company of Molson Breweries) to pull even in the battle for market share. “We know we’ve been on a roll,” says Labatt’s hard-driving president, Don Kilchen, “and we intend to keep things that way.” But Molson, under chief executive officer James Arnett, who divides his time between Toronto and the company’s hometown of St. John’s, is preparing an aggressive response that trades on the company’s status as the largest Canadian-owned brewer. “Beer and hockey have a long and illustrious history in Canada,” says Arnett. “This one reflects that better than we’ve certainly met anyone from a European-controlled conglomerate.” That is a not-so-subtle reminder that Labatt, founded in London, Ont., in 1847, has been owned by Molson’s late brewer SA since 1985.

Small wonder the two sides trade blows: the stakes in the beer playoffs are enormous. National sales to Canadian beer drinkers generate \$10 billion in revenue every year. Labatt and Molson, according to industry estimates that neither side denies, each controls about 45 per cent of the domestic market, while regional producers, microbrewers and imported beers account for the rest. Another point of conflict: share can be worth about \$25 million a year in profit. That has led both beer brewers to spend about \$200 million a year on promotion to guard their share of a market that Michael Palmer, an analyst with Toronto-based First Associates Investments Inc., says “bordered on being a duopoly.”

That description would be vehemently disputed by people like John Stearns, the chairman and founder of Greyfriar, Ont.-based Stearns Breweries Ltd., or Peter McKeown, president and founder of Montreal-based McKeown Breweries Inc. Both of the latter take carefully worded swipes at the two big beer makers. “Our market,”

says Stearns, “is much different. They sell things we sell taste.” In the past, McKeown has cheerfully dished Molson and Labatt, saying they produce local products akin to “Wendy’s bread.” John McKeown, who sits on the board level of the Brewers Association of Canada, the Ottawa-based organization that speaks on behalf of the industry, McKeown, who sits as a director alongside representatives of Molson and Labatt, recalls that after he had made the remark, he received a “good-natured pit” of a load of bread from fellow directors. Today, he is only slightly repentant. “They told what they do seriously and are proud of it,” McKeown says. “I’m not. To just say that I personally had the beers are too bland.”

But in the microbrew community of beer drinkers, taste is only one consideration in determining choice. Other factors can include a favorite ad—or a perceived slight.

In Calgary, Tracy Bendley, a 23-year-old computer company service co-ordinator, likes Molson Canadian because “I love the ‘I am Canadian’ slogan.” Kelly Tallon, a 30-year-old photographer from New Glasgow, N.S., drinks Labatt Blue in part because she loves “the Blue commercial where they are playing hockey on the street” (page 42).

Jeff Sojko, 46, a filmmaker and prolific artist in Winnipeg, can recall more than a dozen beers he has sampled over the years. His favorite is Molson. After years of selling their products at NHL games when the Jets franchise was in town, he says the big brewers “couldn’t give a dime” to keep the team from going to Phoenix in 1996. “They’re corporate beers,” Sojko says, “with no taste or heart.”

Whether the favorites are brewed by a big company or a small one, whether traditional lagers and ales or such trendy smoothies as chocolate, fruit or espresso-flavored draft, beer enthusiasts have never found such wide choice. “Canadian brewers have lacked a sense of adventure for a long time,” says Beaumont, who operates a free Web site newsletter (www.worldofbeer.com) that offers regular updates on beer developments. “Now, with the microbreweries, we’re just starting to learn all the different things that you can do with beer.”

Puck-ups—has beer’s place in the country’s everyday life already hit an uncomfortable tip, as a cold glass of Molson’s Grolschopp Whist Ale with a stick sandwich made of Alberta beef (medium rare). Beer companies sponsor everything from professional hockey to amateur snowboarding, country music festivals and giant rock concerts. “Beer is our country’s great social lubricant,” says David Kinloch, vice-president of marketing at Labatt. In particular, adds his boss, Kilchen, “when you add beer to hockey, you have two great drinking elements of Canada.”

Labatt has an especially good reason for making that bread-busting claim: for the first time in 40 years, it, rather than archrival Molson, has exclusive sponsorship of the Hockey Night in Canada playoff telecasts. That is another in a series of coups for Labatt under the 43-year-old Kilchen. A Toronto native and former Calgary-based Canadian, Kilchen took over the helm of the company since January 1997—and is close



The puck has been dropped in the high-stakes battle of the breweries



enough to his target market of young male sports buffs that he still plays pickup hockey every Thursday night.

Labatt's Blue makes slightly ahead of Molson Canadian in the long-standing annual battle for the best-selling label, and Labatt's "Out of the Blue" television and radio ad campaign has won critical raves and an enthusiastic response from consumers. By contrast with Molson, Labatt is considered by analysts a model of how to run a brewery cost-effectively.

But while Labatt takes sole possession of the pack through the playoffs, Molson is plotting a comeback. Molson's Arnett, a Winnipeg-born, 63-year-old corporate lawyer, has headed the company since May 1997. A specialist in mergers and acquisitions, he engineered the buyback last year of the 58-per-cent share of the company that had been owned by Australia's Foster's Brewing Group Ltd. Now, Molson—whose chairman, Eric Molson, is a direct descendant of John Molson, who founded the company in 1798—is wholly Canadian again. "When we took back control of our company, Arnett said in an interview, "this was the end of Phase 1 of our plans. Now, we have a sense of urgency. We are not in a business as good as we were."

One sign of that is the recent firing of Don O'Neill, 47, as chief operating officer. A highly regarded marketer who was once a colleague of Richard's at Colgate-Palmolive, O'Neill is seen as a blurry successor to Arnett. And last December, Arnett hired a new chief U.S. national officer, Patrick Crowley. The two plans to increase visibility to combat criticism that Molson has too many employees, too many plants and too much administrative "fat." "Molson is serious about wanting to make money," says Baker. "It's not in line capacity out of the system." Arnett agrees. "Capacity utilization," he says, "will be addressed very seriously." That may mean the closing this year of one of Molson's three breweries in Quebec and Ontario—two that would save the company millions, but cause hundreds of job losses.

Another piece is the \$800 million that analysts say the main breweries spend yearly to market their labels. Arnett says spending on promotion will be addressed this year, but not at the expense of far more serious market share. As recently as a decade ago, following its acquisition of Carling O'Keefe Breweries of Canada Ltd., Molson owned 52 per cent of the beer market, while Labatt had 40 per cent. Molson's tumble to 40 per cent came in 1995, when \$100 million a year, while Labatt has averaged about \$30 million.

Honing the competition between the two rivals is the general decline in beer drinking. Annual beer consumption has fallen steadily for well over a decade. In 1990, adult Canadians drank an average 90 litres of beer annually, by 1996 that figure had fallen to 60 litres. (By contrast, the world's biggest beer consumers use an adult per capita basis are the Canches, who consume 160 litres each a year.) And as Molson has leaned in its changing, market party is no guarantee of equal profits. Beer is still a part of lucrative, the performance figures are not public. But industry analysts estimate Labatt made \$196 million more than Molson last year, despite sales and stock sales.

Molson, in fact, is only now emerging from a period of near three decades in which it tried to move away from the beer business to become a diversified holding company. In order to finance expansion into ventures such as a U.S.-based chemical company and Bauer/Lambert Co. Ltd., a home-building supply firm, Molson sold off shares in its core brewing company. By 1997, Molson Breweries was owned 40 per cent by Molson Co. Ltd., 40 per cent



by Foster's and 20 per cent by Miller Brewing Co. of Milwaukee. After Marshall (Ottawa) Cohen, a former chief executive, left in 1994, longtime Molson head Norman Segerson stepped into the gap. At the same time, Arnett was asked by Eric Molson to join a new board of directors. Segerson left about a year later by mutual agreement with the board of directors. The board turned to Arnett, who says the offer "was something I never expected or sought. I guess they just wanted someone who knew their drinking."

Since taking the job, he has shunned go-blitz, and concentrated on diversifying to "bring us back to our core operation of brewing, and put us in control of ourselves." Together, Molson and Foster bought out Miller's 20 per cent, giving them each back control of Molson Breweries. Then, last year, Molson bought out Foster's. At the same time, Arnett—although he did not divulge figures—said that for the first time in a decade, Molson has seen its market share up, grow, rather than decline. And he emphatically rejects suggestions that the company is making a mistake by putting all its focus back on beer even as the market is declining. "People use the words 'niche market' as though they were some kind of curse."

On that, Kitchner and Arnett agree. "This market can still grow," says Kitchner. "When you add people who make beer at home or at do-it-yourself stores, the market shows a slight increase. Our job is to win those people over."

There are two other challenges for the major beer companies: attracting today's drink generation at young adults and slowing off the rise of microbreweries. Although they control a combined total of less than 20 per cent of the market, the boutique brewers have made inroads among upscale, older drinkers who don't mind spending more money for premium beers. "Our average drinker," says John Steeman, "is a pretty well-educated, well-off guy who doesn't drink as much beer as he did when he was younger, but who likes to have the best beer possible when he does have a glass."

The big beer makers may also be losing ground with their core old age. (94 to 98 segment). A survey of 700 young beer drinkers conducted in the Toronto market earlier this year by the Alcan Market Ltd. research company found that Molson and Labatt's share of that market has fallen from 88 per cent to 75 per cent in the past two years among young drinkers buying beer for home consumption. Bob Scott, who conducted the study, said that would be a particular concern because "if the big beer makers lose those young drinkers right off the bat, how are they ever going to get them later?"

Molson joins Labatt's market leading line (left); Molson's Arnett (middle); Steeman; jockeying for beer consumers in a market that runs the gamut from traditional lager to high-spirited draft

Those younger drinkers represent the hope of the future for brewers, as their parents cut back on beer. Brewers expect the so-called Baby Generation to take up the slack from their newly mysterious elders. "There are all kinds of rooms to make money in this market," Arnett says. "Beer was a thing between 8,000 years ago—and will be in another 8,000."

Another issue is that brand preference for beer is tough to quantify, because it is as susceptible to personal whim. Many drinkers jump between major and smaller labels for reasons that include family tradition, the strong reflection of the color of product in beer steins or beer. Michael Ross, a 31-year-old Calgary lawyer whom he "was called to the bar professionally in 1996, but to my first bar socially in 1984." He drinks Traditional Ale, a Big Rock Brewery product. When he was younger, he drank Molson and Labatt because "these are the ones you know about through adver-

ting." Given now, he adds, "every time there was a [Quebec] referendum, I'd tell Molson Canadian to be patriotic."

In Hamilton, John Ford, a 29-year-old executive at an Internet services provider company, started drinking Molson Export Ale in his late teens because it was his father's beer, but moved from big brands in his mid-20s because, he says, he "taste development." These days, he says that while he prefers premium beer from micro-brewers, "I will not pay premium prices. I can very price sensitive." Instead, he alternates between Export, his old favorite, and Labat beer, which the Brock Brewing Co. Ltd. of Waterloo, Ont., sells for a dollar a bottle.

For younger drinkers, brewers must understand and expedite trends. Some enthusiasts promote beer drinking as a social event, with such events as tasting festivals and dinners in which beers are matched with various

courses. The 20-year-old Beaman, a life-long enthusiast, describes beer with the vocabulary of an oenophile. He describes, for one, the St. Andrews Pale Ale made by Molson. "Orangey-orange, very berry, very clean, so long as it's cold." Would he be considering a change of beer, or a new beverage? "No, he says, he's definitely, "I only Ale—no, not a mistake." Let the games begin—an audit by

with SUSAN MCCLELLAND in Toronto and ROBERTA KRAMERSON in Montreal

ALE IN THE FAMILY

I lost for dear Aunt Florine. John Steeman says, he would list it as a tradition—but his life "would be very different, and less fun." In 1984, Steeman, then a 31-year-old high-school dropout, was running a flourishing homebrew business, when his aunt approached him with a beer recipe book. It was a relic of days when the family ran a brewery in St. Catharines, Ont., founded by a great-great-grandfather in 1834. Steeman had no inkling of such history. His father, embarrassed by his own father's interest for smuggling alcohol to the United States in 1933, had not told anyone. But Aunt Florine, who kept the book for 51 years, "gave me the recipe until I promised to reopen the brewery," recalls Steeman.

So began Steeman's foray into brewing—which led him to entrepreneur and contributed to the end of his first marriage. Now, the bearded, bearded Steeman, 45, is married a second time with sons aged 8 and 3, along with 19-year-24-year-old daughters from his first marriage. And he is CEO of Group-based Steeman Breweries Ltd., Canada's fourth-largest, fastest-growing brewery, with about three per cent of the market—after Labatt, Breweries of Canada, Molson Breweries and New Brunswick's Moosehead Breweries Ltd. In recent years, Steeman has bought investments in

British Columbia, Alberta, Quebec and Upper Canada Brewing Co. Ltd. in Ontario. The company posted record earnings last year, with revenues increasing 41 per cent to \$76 million from \$54.1 million in 1997.

That rise is due to marketing savvy, clever timing, and a willingness to gamble all. Just before Steeman's launch in 1988, a Canadian bank he'd not met name called a company for a million. He found alternate funding in the United States—but had to sell his \$1-million house to cover the loan. The brewery flourished, but his marriage ended. The divorce settlement and the need, over the years, to raise capital for expansion diluted his share of the company from a high of 66 per cent to the present eight per cent.

His persistence Steeman's marketing skills, his risk-taking, in English and talking French, emphasize the family tradition and aim firmly at discerning drinkers. But Steeman says he may become a victim of success. "There's not much we could do," he says, "to fight a hostile takeover." But the two firms end in sorrow—Labatt and Molson—deny such intentions, noting that the speculation does Steeman's stock no harm. "John," says Don Kitchner, president of Labatt, "is good at promoting things—whether diets, or beer." And the question remains what market will Steeman would have—if a Steeman was not in charge.

A. W. S.

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BUSINESS

Stock options

Calgary and Vancouver will share exchange duties

BY JENNIFER HUNTER

Taking in the scenic beauty, means everything. So it is by remarkable coincidence that Vancouver's Stanley Theatre is mounting playwright Mark Lerner-Wong's musical about the Vancouver Stock Exchange and its most flamboyant promoter, the late Murray Prime. *Day Money* is set to debut in early May, right as the levels of last week's announcement sheet details of the merger between the VSE and the Alberta Stock Exchange. A play about Prime, a man who relished excess, vaulted between riches and ruin and drew the world's attention to the VSE, through his promotion of the much heralded gold discovery, would not be more timely.

In a rehearsal hall on Granville Island, three actors are learning the lines of a scene where Prime thanks his nose at stand Toronto and declares in the late 1980s to shift his business to the wild and woolly VSE. "Who needs Toronto who needs this?" The actor, in real life, the restructuring of Canada's stock exchanges will see most of the junior company listings leaving Toronto for the new, as yet unnamed, merged VSE-ASE. The new national junior exchange will include the Canadian Dealing Network, owned by the Toronto Stock Exchange. In addition, junior listings will be placed from the Montreal Stock Exchange, and possibly the small Winnipeg Stock Exchange.

The boards of the VSE and the ASE jointly issued recommendations last week on the structure and breakdown of responsibilities at the new venture-based exchange. Member firms will have to ratify the proposed changes, and are expected to do so by the end of June. But Calgary, who were ardent about watching the headquarters of the new junior exchange, have had their wish partially granted—they will get

the corporate office, responsible for planning, corporate finance and overseeing regional offices in Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg. Mayor Al DuRoi notes Calgary has the second-largest concentration of corporate headquarters in Canada. "So," he says, "there are logical reasons to locate the corporate office here."

Vancouver will have responsibilities for the trading operations, including comp-



Coming: sudden moves won't affect the junior exchange

note. "Certainly it implies a compromise where neither city can claim to have the head office," says Tony Hepburn, president of Giffen Brown Ltd., a Vancouver investment house. John Woods, editor of the Vancouver-based *Canada's Stockwatch*, which tracks listed companies, says it's going to be hard to figure out where the power in the exchange really lies. "I don't know who they are trying to keep happy," Woods says, "but definitely have their foot on both sides of the creek." Technicalities like the location

of the head office, however, have remained a matter of supreme indifference to most of the Vancouver business community. "It's all cyber-technology anyway," says Peter Brown, chairman of Vancouver Capital Corp. and the most powerful leader in Vancouver. "I could be trading stocks from my hut in Alaska."

The new junior market, which will complement a senior equity exchange in Toronto and a derivatives market in Montreal, is expected to begin operations later this year following regulatory approval. All is on schedule, reports ASE president Tom Cumming. While Toronto's Bay Street rocked last week at the abrupt resignation of TSE president Robert Fleming, Cumming said neither that development nor the public hearings the Quebec Securities Commission announced for the proposed changes to the MSE will alter plans in the west. "There are only 146 or 150 junior listings on the Montreal exchange and if they want to keep those," he said, "it won't slow us down."

Details about who will be at the helm of the new exchange are unclear—both Cumming and VSE president Michael Johnson will act as co-chief executives of officers until a new president is appointed. Cumming, however, does not shy from expressing interest in the job. "I'd very much enjoy it," Johnson is apparently keen, too, although he has not commented, remaining sheltered in his Granville Street office, avoiding media interviews and press conferences.

In Vancouver, it has been members of the VSE board of governors who have been doing the talking about the new exchange. They hope it will provide competition for the Washington-based Nasdaq, which over the past few years has been luring away a lot of Canadian junior companies. "I'd love to have a fair, well-regulated market with known standards, then more Canadian companies will be attracted to us," says VSE board chair, Roddy Kaitis. Board members hope that Calgary's expertise in oil and gas and Vancouver's and outstanding of the mining business will strengthen the new exchange. And, they emphasize, this is not a personal exchange, but one that will operate nationally. "We had to take all our British Columbia and Alberta hats and start thinking about the country as a whole," says Norman Thompson Jr., president of Union Securities Ltd. of Vancouver. "We were getting discouraged globally."

Still, the main sentimental VSE watch is fuelled about the end of the 83-year-old Vancouver exchange, despite the scandalous reputation it never could quite shed. That sense of nostalgia is echoed in the words of Lerner-Wong's play *The Day, The Deed and the VSE* (RTP). No doubt, Murray Prime would have a few things to say about what is happening to his beloved VSE. One can almost hear the watermarks rustling from his grave. □

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BUSINESS

An abrupt ending

In a time of change, the TSE boss takes his leave

It was completely in character for Rowland Fleming, Monday morning, April 15, the soon-to-be former Toronto Stock Exchange president, arrived without fanfare at TSE headquarters. Fleming, who is known to be uncommunicative at best and obnoxious at worst, went straight to his office and began packing his books and personal belongings. After 10 years, he walked out of Canada's largest stock exchange, making no effort to bid goodbye to TSE employees that he would not return.

Fleming's departure was not entirely unexpected. But the manner in which it was handled—the abrupt exit, followed by a terse conversation from Barbara Symeant, chairwoman of the TSE board of governors, that he had resigned to “pursue other interests”—spurred Bay Street into a flurry. For the first few days, the absence of solid information led to wild rumors, ranging from a suggestion that Fleming, 55, had been asked to leave over the gift of a condominium from ISM (which did not make any such offer and does not even trade on the TSE), to the notion that he had quit to run as a Progressive Conservative candidate in Ontario's coming election (which the party denied). The actual story is, in all things, more prosaic and more layered. It also has as much to do with the changes sweeping Canada's stock exchanges as with Fleming himself. In the past, TSE members were content to

overlook managerial failings. Fleming's predecessor, Pierre Belling, could never come to grips with the pace of technological change and yet ran the TSE for 17 years, retiring at 65. Before Belling, TSE presidents tended to stay until they died or grew too old to get downsize. Fleming, however,



Fleming left, Symeant, did the president quit or agree to get?

found himself the first TSE president to be judged by the same tough standards as executives at the companies whose stocks and bonds the TSE trades.

After 21 years with the Bank of Nova Scotia and four years working for Toronto's 6-member Good Investor Ontario Investment Council (GIOC), Fleming was hired in 1994 to run the TSE. He oversaw the move to fully computerized trading, defended the

TSE's role in the fire-X stock scandal and became a key player in this year's massive reorganization of four Canadian stock exchanges—under which all equity trading done on the Montreal Exchange moves to Toronto. Fleming was often credited for accomplishing difficult tasks, such as shutting the trading floor, that previous TSE managers had found too painful to implement.

About a year ago, however, TSE member brokerage firms began questioning about his methods and temperament. They talked at what it cost to fix the potential TSE bugs in the exchange's computers, wondered why so many top TSE executives left, and complained that Fleming acted as if he, rather than the members, owned the exchange. “Rowland didn’t go out of his way to build bridges,” says TSE board member Paul Hines, president of Charles Schwab Canada. As early as April, 1998, TSE governors wrestled with the issue of whether to look for a replacement, but put the decision on hold—until a few weeks ago, when Fleming caused a furor in Quebec by suggesting that Canada could function perfectly well with a single Toronto-based stock exchange.

His remarks came in the midst of sensitive talks aimed at merging Montreal's equity trading for Toronto's derivative business. This was the final straw—and Fleming was asked to step down, sources say. But TSE employees are still in the dark about what caused their boss to take his leave. “Nothing has come down to us” by way of an explanation, says TSE spokesman Steve Rice. What is certain is that the TSE board hopes to have a new president. Fleming's office has in June 18 annual meetings—by which time somebody may have figured out exactly what happened to the previous occupant.

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Nutty ideas worth billions

A slim magazine used to press hundreds of angry Canadians were hounding the Prime Minister's Office with e-mail messages demanding that the government keep its greedy, good-for-nothing, cotton-picking heads off the Internet.

"Our government is planning an absolutely outrageous action," wrote one such citizen, John Gile of Victoria, who graciously forwarded a copy of his Ottawa-based letter to Maclean's. "I can assure you it will cost the Liberals millions of votes."

The object of this fury was a report, widely circulated as the Internet, that the feds are quietly pushing through legislation to slap a five-cent tax on every e-mail message delivered within Canada. The money, so the report claims, will be used to subsidize Canada Post, which has suffered a drastic in revenue because of the falling popularity of "snail mail."

The idea is just nutty enough to be true, but nutty ideas can often do it. It's really a hoax, perpetrated by an anonymous proponent whose scorn for the tax man makes him a suitable candidate for the job of National Post editorial writer.

The surprising thing isn't that so many people fell for the ruse. It's that somebody went to the trouble of dressing it up in the first place. After all, the Internet is filled with nutty ideas, and most of them aren't hoaxes. They're so real that high-powered investors have sent it to wager big money on them.

The most obvious example of Internet silliness is the stock market mania for companies that, by dint of their founders' skill and superior intellect, have perfected the art of losing money hand over fist. Amazon.com, the sleepless-to-read purveyor of books, music and assorted odds, boasts a market capitalization of \$45 billion despite having never generated a nickel of earnings. (The Seattle-based company was profitable during a brief period in 1996, but its CEO, Jeff Bezos, says that was an unfortunate "anomaly.") Two of the other hot Internet stocks, Yahoo! and America Online, do no report earnings, but in neither case do the profits come close to justifying their sky-high valuations—\$25 billion and \$225 billion, respectively.

For what it's worth, the millions of investors who own stock in these companies don't think they're nutty at all. Driven by greed, they've tailored themselves into believing the prevailing theory about Internet companies, which is that, in these early days of e-commerce, profits count for far less than revenues and growth.

After mulling this over for a while, a U.S. venture capital lender had her own say on the idea for the ultimate Web business a



Blom: his Web site promises the lowest price on Earth

company that sold dollars for 85 cents. The firm's balance sheet would be a mess, but its shares would be in the stratosphere. Thanks to the volume of traffic on its Web site.

Sounds crazy, but don't tell that to Scott Blom. He's the 35-year-old chairman of Bejcom, an online retailer in Aliso Viejo, Calif. With an estimated market cap of \$1 billion—the company hopes to go public later this year—Blom is perhaps the ultimate expression of e-commerce logic. In theory, companies such as Amazon.com should be able to make money every day by selling massive quantities of books and other goods at a small markup, à la Wal-Mart. To Blom's way

of thinking, however, that's a cry out. Forget about the margins, he says. Blom can't be truly committed to losing out or losing money on every sale, and not just now but for as long as the company remains in business. The goods, you see, are just a means to an end, a means of attracting eyeballs. The real point of the exercise is to turn Blom.com into the Web's leading e-commerce portal, after which Blom hopes to cash in by selling all space to companies that want access to those eyeballs.

Blom.com's slogan, "The lowest prices on Earth," pretty well sums it up. Every day, the company's software automatically searches real Web sites to compare prices on thousands of popular items, including computers, movies, video games and other equipment. Whichever the lowest price happens to be, Blom.com undercuts it. The strategy is not a radical one. In 1994, the company had \$595 million in revenues, topping Compuserp's first-year record to become the fastest growing start-up in U.S. history. Blom, who owns 65 per cent of the company, has set his sights on \$25 billion in revenues by the year 2000. To get there, he's purchased and has to maintain more than 4,000 Web addresses, including buyinsurance.com, Bejcom.com and Buystuff.com. For good measure—and just because he knows it will drive them crazy—he's also reserved 100 per cent of Webmail.com and 100 per cent of Amazon.com.

Such gestures aside, Blom is deadly serious, as befits an individual who stands to reap billions if his scheme unfolds as he plans. How does one compete with a man who not only doesn't mind losing money on each sale, but has actually made that an integral part of his business model? Will somebody else come along and promise to lose even more money on each transaction, and thereby steal some of Blom's precious eyeballs?

Then again, a clever marketer could just forget the whole idea of selling products and simply pay people to view ads while they browse the Web. A company that did that would attract all sorts of eyeballs, and it wouldn't have to worry about mundane details like taking orders and shipping goods to customers.

Nutty? Perhaps, but that isn't about to stop Dan Jurgensen from giving it a try. His Silicon Valley company, Adwords.com, is now signing up Internet users for an expected launch some time in May. Surfers will be paid 50 cents (U.S.) an hour for the time they spend online, plus bonuses for referrals. In exchange for the money, they'll see a narrow bar of advertisements scrolling across the bottom of their screen whenever they are connected to the Internet. More than a quarter-million people signed up for the service in the first 70 days after it was announced. And so, that isn't a hoax.

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In one of the largest mergers ever, Deutsche Telekom AG and Telecom Italia SpA agreed to a \$120 billion union. The deal between the German and Italian powerhouses creates the second-largest telecommunications company in the world, with more than 100 million customers in Europe, Latin America and Asia. The new firm intends to expand into the United States.

OUT OF THE WOODS?

MacMillan Bloedel Ltd., British Columbia's largest forest company, announced a first-quarter profit of \$33 million, about double what it made by the same time last year. Some analysts said the profit surge suggests the province's struggling forestry industry, which lost 31 billion last year, is set for a turnaround. Tom Stephens, MacMillan Bloedel's president, vowed to turn his firm into a "lock-up company."

FUEL FOR THOUGHT

BentleyChrysler Ford Motor Co., the state of California and Burnaby, B.C.-based Bellair Power Systems Inc. unveiled plans to test as many as 50 cars and 20 buses powered by hydrogen fuel-cell technology on California roads. Two prototypes were unveiled: a compact Mitsubishi-Esprit car and a Ford sedan about the size of a Toyota. The cars rely on hydrogen and oxygen to produce electricity without releasing any toxic emissions.

THE RETURN OF INFLATION

The inflation rate rose to one per cent in March, Statistics Canada reported. Some economists said the increase could be the start of an upward trend in the cost of living. The increase in inflation from 0.7 per cent in February also makes it likely that the Bank of Canada will drop further cuts to its mediating interest rate. The cost of living rose because of higher prices for clothing, gasoline and heating fuel and travel.

BAY WATCH

Steve Chapman, who helped make the Bayview Stores Ltd. discount chain the star unit of Dyal's Ltd., has been hired to head The Bay's struggling department store division of the Hudson's Bay Co. Industry watchers welcomed the change. In 1993, sales at The Bay's stores fell 60 per cent over the previous year and earnings were down 59 per cent over the same period.

A giant of a problem

With Royal Oak Mines Inc. bankrupt and in the hands of its receivers, attention shifted from the firm's disasters to the 236,000 tonnes of poisonous arsenic powder stored in its giant gold mine near Yellowknife. The fear is that the arsenic could dissolve in groundwater and contaminate Great Slave Lake, the region's main source of fish. Clearing up the arsenic—a byproduct of an outdated process to refine gold—could cost \$250 million, and local politicians and environmentalists are warning that taxpayers could get stuck with the tab. Jane Stewart, federal minister of Indian affairs and northern development, said Ottawa may play a limited role as a last-minute saviour, but cautioned that her department "is not in the mining business."

Already, water is leaking into some of the mine's arsenic-filled chambers, though it is currently being pumped to the surface and treated. As it stands, the receiver, Princewaterhouse-Coopers Inc., plans to sell off Royal Oak's buildings. Creditors who take control of the mine's assets would assume environmental responsibility, but they can also petition the courts to avoid that burden. Peggy White, Royal Oak's former chairman, told reporters she is confident "a way will be found to deal with [the arsenic]."



Royal Oak's Giant mine near Yellowknife: arsenic fears

reality being pumped to the surface and treated. As it stands, the receiver, Princewaterhouse-Coopers Inc., plans to sell off Royal Oak's buildings. Creditors who take control of the mine's assets would assume environmental responsibility, but they can also petition the courts to avoid that burden. Peggy White, Royal Oak's former chairman, told reporters she is confident "a way will be found to deal with [the arsenic]."

More money at home

The financial state of Canadian households is improving, with the growth of after-tax income outpacing inflation for the first time this decade, the Bank of Nova Scotia reports. A study by the bank says net income should rise almost 4.5 per cent faster than inflation between 1996 and 2000. As well, household wealth—defined as the value of assets less liabilities—rose at an annual rate of almost four per cent during

the 1990s, says chief economist Warren Jedin, co-author of the study. The improvements are partly due to the million jobs created in the past three years and the increasing value of stocks, mutual funds, life insurance and pension funds. While the gains were lustrous, real disposable income in 2001 is still predicted to remain nearly two per cent below its 1996 peak. "What we're doing, essentially through the early 1990s is that a big hole for ourselves and only recently have we begun to fill that hole in," Jedin says.

FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

The Nasdaq composite, a d.i.a. with its predominantly technology-based stocks, took a roller-coaster ride, suffering its second-biggest drop over before staging a dramatic rebound. On April 19, the index plunged almost 1,300 points, or 5.6 per cent. The sell-off was partly due to investor uneasiness spawned by several technology firms that released reports warning of poor first-quarter profits. Two days later, however, Nasdaq posted its biggest single-day gain in 10 weeks in the wake of good profit news by wireless communications firm Qualcomm.

A WILD RIDE

After climbing its second-biggest point drop ever, the Nasdaq index rebounded to more than make up the loss.



month—up from 56 cents in October—stock in the online auction house has suffered reported losses. These include a 50-percent drop in April 21 to close the TSX's trading day at \$13.50. As a result, the Toronto Dominion's discount broker, Green Line Investor Services, downgraded the stock, warning that clients would no longer be allowed to invest in 846 on a margin—a practice in which the brokerage supplies investors with credit to buy the stock on the premise that it will climb.

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Peter C. Newman

Are companies turning their backs on Canada?

Last week's headline in *The New York Times* heralded a possible \$10-billion (\$15) merger of Telecom Italia and Deutsche Telekom, the two countries' largest state-owned telephone companies, as "the biggest ever." Well, it's not. The biggest corporate merger ever is what's happening in Canada right now: the takeover of the last truly profitable parts of our economy by American multinationals. It is, of course, not a new trend, but its recent acceleration, mostly to our law dollar, which allows the Americans to buy Canadian companies with our discount of currency, has triggered the current fire sale.

Nothing is sacred. A meaningful interest in Bell Canada has been bought by Chicago's Ameritech Corp., and another star within the BCE Inc. constellation, Norcel Networks, is making some very un-Canadian noises. Montreal-born Clive Allen, the telecom company's executive vice-president, told a Cleveland audience last week that his firm owns no allegiance in Canada. "The world has become a global economy," he told members of the Canada-U.S. Law Institute, during a speech that blasted this country's tax structure. "Just because we were born there [in Canada], doesn't mean we'll remain there. I don't think Canada should feel it owns us."

Norcel Networks, previously known as Northern Telecom and as Northern Electric and Manufacturing before that, was incorporated on Dec. 7, 1895, and has been this country's flagship high-tech company ever since. It was the first in Canada to introduce health and death benefits for its employees and made Canada's first vacuum tubes, as well as the first talking machine, the first record system. More recently it has pioneered wireless and broadband technologies, and led the way in creating the real-time information highway. It still does most of its research in Canada, but as world marketing activities are run out of Dallas.

Sadly, the company has been lately Canadian, hiring most of our best scientists, collecting government research grants and generously supporting Canada's universities and cultural institutions. But the Allen statement, which has not been discussed by top management, indicates that Norcel's corporate citizenship is about to become negligible.

A different push to globalization has been set by CN's Paul Teller, who served as Clerk of the Privy Council during the Mulroney years and has been setting the corporate world on fire ever since he was named head of Canada's largest railway system in 1992. CN was established in 1859 as a Crown corporation out of the financially troubled railroads with \$1.3 billion in debt. To make more money during the first decade, it developed a chain of radio stations across the country that now carries programs such as *Rocky Night* in Canada. You can't get much more Canadian than that.

Suffering from declining railway traffic and a too-large labour force, CN gradually became the poor and departed cousin of Canada's corporate world. Teller promised CN as CEO, reduced its workforce by 8,500 to realistic levels, and instead of acting like the head of a crippled company in a sunset industry, acquired the railroad into new territory. His imminent \$26-billion purchase of Illinois Central Corp., a railway network that stretches from Chicago to the Gulf of Mexico, is a good example of his change. Certainly, the Teller loss his style—nearly two-thirds of CN's stock is now held in the United States. Teller has increased CN's traditional east-west traffic flow to a north-south direction, and turned the once-sleepy railroad into a remarkable revenue producer.

Instead of insisting that CN might leave Canada, Teller has strongly reiterated that his company will stay headquartered in Montreal, but will continue to expand where the markets are. (Last year, he signed a marketing deal with the Kansas City Southern Railway, which will give CN direct access to Mexico.)

What's happened to the Canadian economy, Teller says, is that the border is disappearing. This remark reminded me of a similar one by Jacques Massonrouge, a former head of IBM's European and Asian operations. When I asked him once about how IBM treats the U.S.-Canadian boundary in its marketing approach, he shrugged, and said: "Look, we don't really believe in borders. To us, they're like the equator, merely a line on maps that doesn't mean very much."

The problem is that we're losing control of our country. The most telling anecdote illustrating this dilemma was an exchange in the late 1950s between Pierre Trudeau, when he was Canada's external affairs minister, and

John Foster Dulles, the American counterpart. The U.S. secretary of state had flown to Ottawa to find out why Canadians were upset about the absence of American investment money north of the 49th parallel. Pearson told Dulles a tale about The Times of London's treatment of a particularly gruesome crime while he was serving with the Canadian High Commission in Britain. Not quite certain how to treat the horrific event which included murder, but not rape, The Times report ended with the grim observation that the dead women had been found "despoiled and dismembered, but not interred with." Pearson issued forward to make his point: "That's the way we Canadians feel about you Americans. You can despoil us and dismember us, just as long as you don't interleave with us."

And that's the problem. Having taken over the most lucrative parts of the Canadian economy, the Americans think they can run the whole country, as witnessed by their threats over IBM C-30, Canada's attempt to retain its own magnetic industry. Please, Washington, even if you remember us, just don't interleave with us.

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Diane Francis

It's high time to cut the fat—and taxes

The big lie from the left these days is that dramatic tax cuts will result in the gutting of our precious social safety net. That a report on health care costs by the Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development reveals the facts. In 1998, U.S. taxpayers, who pay less in health care than we do, forked out more on a per capita basis for health care. In fact, American governments at all levels spent \$2,482 per person on health care services that year, while Canadian governments forked out 28 per cent less, or \$1,877 per person. In terms of gross domestic product, governments in the two countries spent a similar amount on health care—6.9 per cent in the United States, 6.4 per cent in Canada.

But if the governments spend almost the same proportion of their economies on health care, why are Canadian costs so much higher?

It's not due to education expenditures because both countries also spend similar per centum of their GDPs providing universities. So, again, why are Canadian costs higher?

It can't be military expenditures. After all, the Americans spend 3.2 per cent of their GDP on the biggest military force the world has ever known. Canada spends only 0.6 per cent on defence. The fact remains that despite similar or higher U.S. expenditures for the two biggest items, American taxes are far lower. In Canada, they amount to 36.4 per cent of our GDP. In the United States, the equivalent number is 28.5 per cent. Indeed, the average Canadian family forks out more in taxes of all kinds than it does on food, housing and clothing combined. That's not the case in the United States.

The reason for our higher taxes is that Canada simply has too many layers of government, too many overlapping public sector workers and too much duplication between the federal and provincial governments. It also has excessive and wasteful expenditures on programs such as bilingualism and multiculturalism, needless centralization of the economy and unneeded and massive subsidies for lower-cost provinces from Quebec's taxpayers.

Perhaps the biggest problem is that Canadian governments have been able to get away with this, with few exceptions. The American central spending through hundreds of state and local reformers actually puts other cuts on political power such as term limits, lowering politicians to serve two terms only, voter recall, the ability to impeach senators, most importantly, tax and expenditure legislation, so-called TELs, which forces politicians to balance budgets, but never by increasing taxes.

Such tax and expenditure cuts generally do not exist in Canada. Federal revenues have increased by \$37 billion since the Chretien Liberals were first elected in 1993. Under a TEL, Ottawa would have had to rebate that \$37 billion to taxpayers and hold the line on

expenditures or get referendum permission to spend more. Instead, they spent that \$37 billion plus another \$200 billion since 1993, and sold it to the national debt before balancing the books last year.

In Canada, Manitoba and Alberta have legislation to keep politicians from taxing and spending and running deficits. Manitoba even has financial ceilings for the federal and provincial governments: the government as a whole records a deficit. Their provincial spend of \$22,300 as reduced by 30 per cent the first year they run a deficit and by 40 per cent in subsequent years. Ontario is also getting it act together and budgets are now balanced in most provinces.

Ottawa fails the fire. It could cut taxes dramatically because of a revenue windfall in the past two years, but in spending it hit critical Finance Minister Paul Martin and Prime Minister Jean Chrétien are totally out of touch with the Canadian taxpayer public. Martin's

Ottawa neighbors tell him taxes aren't too high. His mandates do the same. Why? It's simple. All these folks, their spouses, children, neighbors, squash buddies and fellow drinkers of the nation's capital get their taxes back and much, much more in the form of salaries, generous benefits or business from those in government.

It may make a whole lot of sense to relocate the nation's capital to Toronto or Calgary or anywhere that marketplace realities rule. The Germans are moving most of their federal government to their former capital of Berlin from Bonn. The business of Canada is business, the business of any nation, for that matter, is business. And that doesn't mean allowing a bunch of elitist fly fishermen, bankers or big waste dumps to siphon it. It means governments not grabbing all the wealth and spending it inefficiently—but providing essential services at reasonable tax rates.

Ottawa just has to be forced to re-engineer itself and shrink in size. It must impose discipline on spending, banish prohibitions by reducing equalization payments, banish Ottawa's slowly strangling the country. The brain drain is real. The tax base is leaving. Billionaire Paul Desmarais Sr. says young persons "have no choice" but to head south because Canadian taxes are "enormous." Economic growth is smothered by high taxes. Unemployment is higher in Canada than in the United States because taxes are higher and higher unemployment pushes up more because support payments increase—a vicious and costly cycle that stifles our country.

All of which means that Canadians must protest in whatever way they can to tell the Liberals, and the left, to get with the program. Get costs in line. Cut the fat. Save the good stuff. Alberta has. Why can't all the others? Canadian taxpayers have been overgoverned, overtaxed and led to by the tail for decades. Our governments are delivering us overpaid services. It's time to fire the facts.

Justice

Activist on trial

An emerging native leader is accused of murder

A accused murderer Noah Augustine looked like himself again. Gone were the scruffy pants and orange jumpsuits he wore in the mug shot that stared out from newspaper front pages after he landed handcuffs to the police last October in Jacksonville, Fla. Instead, the chairman that helped establish the 28-year-old as a leader in New Brunswick's native community now evident each morning low week as he walked into the Miramichi courthouse in his navy, short-sleeved sport coat, his landscape tree-clip shows, his thick black hair pulled fastidiously back. Whatever Augustine was feeling did not show. He seemed impassive as prosecutor Paul Hawkins told the jury that the native activist showed up at the home of Bruce Harwood, a resident of the TelFondue reserve near Miramichi last Sept. 19 and shot one bullet into the 41-year-old man, then strangled his fallen body and fired again. Augustine's firm expression hardly wavered while the prosecution painstakingly presented its evidence—even though he knew a conviction could mean up to 25 years in jail.

His fall from grace has Shakespearean overtones. And the worst may still be ahead for Augustine, who pleaded not guilty to the charge of second-degree murder. The Crown's latest accusation: Augustine's own confession, allegedly given over the telephone to an RCMP corporal just before he surrendered in Florida a week after the murder. Moreover, Thomas Haddad, a native police constable who turned himself in along with Augustine and is now charged with being an accessory after the fact to the murder, was due to testify this week that he heard Augustine admit to the shooting.

On the other hand, the defendant's lawyers intended to argue this week that their client fell in self-defence to protect himself from a man with a long history of violence. Police found a knife in Harwood's home but did not seize it to their investigation after the shooting. The defence strategy could set up the most dramatic moment in the trial: Augustine's own appearance on the witness stand to give his version of what happened that grim morning last September. The waiting is long time for this, he told reporters last week.

He once had so much more to look forward to. Media-savvy and articulate, he seemed to be the perfect new-style leader for a native

community looking to assert its independence. Augustine, who grew up on the Red Bank reserve near Miramichi, marked himself as someone to watch in the early 1980s when, after a mob of marauders on the police bay Co. crew, he, himself, as a native prevention councillor and began holding seminars for RCMP corrections officials and native trainers. In 1984, he con-



Augustine with lawyers O'Neill (center) and Miller, alongside a tragedy with Shakespearean overtones

ducted an exhaustive study of prescription drug abuse as reserves that received no national attention. He was just 23 when he narrowly lost an election to become Red Bank's chief. For a while, he worked for the provincial government developing economic opportunities for natives. In 1991, he set up a consulting firm catering to native clients.

Then a year ago, when native leaders defied a call to drive to protest a court ruling that they had no right to lay in Crowe lands, Augustine emerged as one of the most vocal and most active spokesmen. "Noth a spirit," explained Red Bank band Chief Michael Augustine as he attended the trial last week. "It's a leader you have to be born with certain traits. He's got a character that few people have." That reputation has made the allegations of what

suggested last September hard for many New Brunswick natives to accept.

Haddad, in the opening statement last week, said Augustine went to his aunt's home on the night before the killing to discuss the 1986 death of his cousin, Darrell Augustine, who, according to an inquest, was accidentally killed when a car hit him while he was lying on a road. By the time the last of the prosecution's 38 witness steps down, the jury will have heard evidence that Augustine left his aunt's home and went to a camp where Haddad and another police officer were drinking. Hours later, Augustine and Haddad were at Harwood's home. According to Haddad, Haddad will testify that by then he was too drunk to remember anything. But according to Haddad, Augustine was carrying Haddad's gun when he entered the home, and it went off—striking Harwood. Haddad



Augustine with lawyers O'Neill (center) and Miller, alongside a tragedy with Shakespearean overtones

was expected to testify that Augustine told him he then straddled the victim's body and shot once more.

Augustine's lawyers—Gary Miller and Peter O'Neill—have other hard-core moments. After the shooting, Augustine and Haddad allegedly headed for the American border. Last September, just minutes before surrendering to the Florida Highway Patrol, Augustine called Q. Ferris McLean at the Sunny Brook, N.B., RCMP detachment, and according to Haddad, told him, "I did it." But Haddad also revealed that Augustine later told police, "I'm not a cold-blooded murderer." What was once the tale of a crumbling attorney has been transformed into a scorching courtroom drama.

JOHN DONOHUE in Miramichi

A lack of donated organs leaves patients at risk

Society, it adds, lying the Pikes are not encouraging. In a country that lays its hands over other industrialized nations in the supply of donated human organs, it is more than odd the Canadians who need organ transplants get them. Now, changes may be in the wind: After 2 months of hearings on the issue, the House of Commons health committee last week urged Ottawa to help promote greater public awareness of the need for organ donation and called for the creation of a national registry to match donors with Canadians in need of transplants. "The government must act," said Dr. Keith Martin, the B.C. physician and Reform party MP who was instrumental in bringing the issue before the com-

The problem, experts say, is not that Canadians jealously guard their hearts, lungs, kidneys and other organs even in death, but that there is no national system to ensure that usable organs are retrieved and matched to those in need. As a result, Canada's organ donation rate stood at only 16.5 organs per million of population in 1997, compared with 25.5 in the United States, which is variable. That put Canada far behind the leading organ donation nations, notably Spain, with 29 organs per million; the Czech Republic (28); and the United States (20).

Canada's dismal performance routinely translates into human tragedy. With transplant techniques steadily improving—and the incidence of some diseases rising—there is an increasing need of organs. As of last January, 1,000 Canadians were on waiting lists for transplants. With more than 250,000 Canadians stricken by hepatitis C, kidneys are the organ most in demand, with 2,673 potential recipients listed. All but 252 Canadians needed new livers, 114 needed heart transplants and 214 people required single- or double-lung transplants. But because of organ scarcity, only about 1,000 transplants were performed last year.

British Columbia has taken the lead in setting up a national donor referral program. Under the B.C. program, hospital



authorities must alert the province's Transplant Society whenever anyone under 18 dies while on a support system. Being phased in now, the program will enable hospitals to check a potential donor's name against a central registry listing British Columbians who have filed out widely distributed organ donor forms.

The committee's recommendations for a national system were more limited. Noting that hospital staff members are often reluctant to discuss organ donation with patients' next of kin, the report called for a national strategy to ensure that trained professionals are on hand to talk to the families of brain-dead patients. But the pro-

posed national donor registry would include only hospital patients who are close to death. Such a registry, and Martin, would be "irrelevant—we need a registry of people who have suggested that they are willing to be donors." Other organ transplant experts worried that under the committee's suggestions vaguely worded proposals, a national transplant network might lack the authority necessary to create a workable system. "Without the authority" and Bill Easdale, chief executive officer of the B.C. Transplant Society, the proposed network could pass down in federal-provincial jurisdictional arguments.

Shelly Miller, a 20-year-old Vancouver native, knows how vitally important it can be for the right organ to be available when it is needed. In August, 2003, she contracted a rare form of leprosy that began rapidly destroying her liver. Almost at the point of death, she was flown to Edmonton where physicians successfully transplanted a new organ. "I never forgot that"—because my case was critical, I was kept right at the top of the list," she says, "where other people have to wait and wait." The question now is whether Ottawa will try to lead the way in creating the kind of system needed to produce willing hats and give thousands of Canadians with delicate organs new leases on life.

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Education

Technical difficulties

Memorial University fights for 'engineering'

Another May sounds perplexed. "I don't know what all the fuss is about," says May, president of Memorial University of Newfoundland. The fuss, as he calls it, is a heated legal dispute over two words—software engineering—used to describe a program offered by Memorial's computer science department. Two years ago, the Ottawa-based Canadian Council of Professional Engineers (CCPE) launched a lawsuit against the university in the Federal Court of Canada, in a bid to force the university to drop "engineering" from the program's title. This February, the court handed a standard review and accreditation of Memorial's engineering program at the request of the Association of Professional Engineers and Geoscientists of Newfoundland—a move that threatened to jeopardize the future of more than 1,000 engineering students. Last week, Memorial won the first round of the legal battle when the Newfoundland Supreme Court ruled that the association cannot arbitrarily strip the reserve phrase. "We welcome the decision," said May. "Our students still never have been subjected to that."

The lawsuit, scheduled to be heard next fall, is based on the CCPE's contention that it has the exclusive right to the word "eng-

ineering" and several related terms under a federally granted trademark. The dispute is being fought by university administrators and engineering professionals across the country. Since Memorial is declining the right of educational organizations to determine the content of their courses—and who will teach them—the Ottawa-based Association of Universities and Colleges of Canada is covering about 80 per cent of Memorial's legal bill, which totals \$400,000 to date. The CCPE, which joined the fight at the request of the Newfoundland association, maintains that it has the right to determine who is an engineer and how they become one. "If we don't defend this," says council president David Leverett, "anybody can use the word engineer for any purpose. It becomes meaningless."

But Leverett concedes that the legal action is a last-ditch defence. Within the past five years, computer science departments at several universities, including the University of Toronto, the University of Western Ontario in London, the University of Saskatchewan and Simon Fraser University in Burnaby, B.C., have begun offering bachelor of science degrees with a specialization in software engineering. "We take issue with all of them," says Leverett, adding that the CCPE

Leverett in Ottawa: "If we don't defend this, anybody can use the word engineer."

can act against a university only if asked to do so by a provincial engineering association. So far, only Newfoundland has taken that route. But James Delgadino, director of Simon Fraser's computer science department, met earlier this month to discuss the issue with the director of the university's engineering school and representatives of the B.C. Professional Engineers' Association. He said the engineers made it clear they disapproved of his department's program, but the meeting ended amicably. "There's a lot of talk because of the situation at Memorial," says Delgadino. "The whole issue has fired up."

In essence, the dispute is the inevitable result of vast expansion in computer technology over the past three decades. Many computer science departments now offer increased specialization in such diverse subjects as the development of new languages, the design of operating systems and the creation of databases. The challenge for university administrators is to determine whether this new discipline belongs in their computer science departments or their engineering faculties. McMaster University in Hamilton has solved the problem by creating a new department of computing and software that offers two degrees. "We now have an engineering degree for people who want to build things with software and be responsible for them," says David Parnas, director of the software engineering program, "and a science degree for people who just want to know about computers."

At the University of Toronto, both the department of computer science and the school of electrical and computer engineering offer a software specialization. Eugene Flisak, chairman of computer science, says collaborations have been the key to preventing confusion. And besides, disputes within the institution may be pointless, given the abundance of job opportunities for graduates. "You could find people from these different academic backgrounds competing for the same jobs," says Flisak. "But typically, they get so many job offers that there's room for both."

For his part, May says the engineering profession has overreacted to the label applied to the Memorial program. He points out that the university calendar clearly specifies that students will graduate with a computer science degree and will not be eligible for accreditation as engineers. But Leverett insists the university is delivering another message. "In their internal documents, they refer to graduates as software engineers," he says. "And they recognize that the so-called self-identified software engineers" in the end, will be up to another venerable profession—lawyers—to decide the winner.

DARVY JENISON

People

Edited by
DANIEL DAVIES

Not a typical rocker rebel

Growing up surrounded by music has obviously rubbed off on Tal Bachman. The 29-year-old son of Lorraine and Randy Bachman, a Canadian rock legend of Guess Who and Bachman-Turner-Overdrive fame, has just released his self-titled debut album. And already it's proving to be a success, with the latter-day pop single *She's a Rock* climbing rapidly up Canadian and American charts and being played as the popular U.S. teen television series *Dawson's Creek*. But Bachman wasn't always so certain he wanted to follow in his father's footsteps. At one point, he opted for a quiet career over music and enrolled at Utah State University, where he studied political philosophy. It was, he now admits, a case of youthful rebellion. "Everyone expected me to just do what Dad did," says Bachman, who lives in Vancouver. "And to rebel in that situation was to either put on a suit and get a nine-to-five job or go to an academy."

Growing up in Vancouver, Bachman was often in the recording studio, listening to his father play guitar. When he decided to attend university, he says, it broke his father's heart. "I'd get a phone call from him every month, saying, 'What are you doing at school? You should go and play a rock band,'" says Bachman. "I was pretty happy when you think about it." In 1994,



Bachman: "I should be writing songs. It's what comes most naturally to me."

Bachman dropped out of school and started working on his music—but not, he insists, because his father said so. "I was just sitting in class one day and all the dots suddenly connected," says Bachman. "I realized then that I should be writing songs and performing them. It's what comes most naturally to me."

The speech heard around the world

I have been attributed to a house number and made into a chart-busting song, but when Chicago Tribune columnist Mary Schuch wrote her mock obituary address, "Wear sunglasses" two years ago, she was just filling space. "I have to write three columns a week and I'm always looking for ideas. This was around graduation time and I thought I would write a speech that I would deliver if anyone bothered to ask," says Schuch, now 65, who offered students such sensible advice as "stretch" and "don't mess too much with your hair."

Schuch could not fill a month's worth of columns just as her experiences following the June 1997 publication of her article. A few weeks after the column appeared in the newspaper, it started circulating on the Internet—but as a supposed col-



Schuch: her mock grad address is a hit

lege graduation day speech made by popular novelist Kurt Vonnegut. "It was the most preposterous thing I ever heard of," says Schuch. "And then I started to think, I did write that, didn't I? And of course I did." In the course of trying to track down how her column had turned into a Vonnegut speech, she spoke to the author, who had received dozens of compliments about the address and even transcriptions from a woman's magazine about reprint rights.

But the strangest twist was still to come: Last year, Australian author and star Lisa Lushman put together a techno-funk version of her column, called *Eurostyle's Free To Run* (Sasquatch), and it became a Top 20 hit. "Her version is a copy and I like it," says Schuch, who adds that though she is getting some royalties from the song, "I'm not getting rich." Even though she has become a celebrity based on her mock speech, Schuch has no plans to write another, saying, "There are more students to add."

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Thornton: strong performances and witty scenes, but as utterly confused flight plan

Renegade dreamers

Fallen angels and tin men spin out of control

PUSHING TIN

Directed by Mike Newell

Here is one movie that you will never see on an airplane, a comedy that portrays air-traffic controllers as a gang of half-crazed, half-demented, alcoholic con-men. Based on a 1986 *New York Times* Magazine article, it is set in the high-stress world of the New York Terminal Radar Approach Control, where men starting at radar bike jockey near 7,000 flights a day in and out of New York, LaGuardia and Newark airports. The title, *Pushing Tin*, refers to controllers who take a gonzo pride in pushing planes through the world's most hectic airspace as tightly as possible to avoid delays. The barrowing details of this pressure-cooker profession are fascinating, especially in the film's air-traffic scenes, which play like an air-traffic answer to *E.T.* But before long, the movie veers wildly off-course, turning into an exotic tale of marital infidelity and male bonding. Terms of *Pushing Tin* is not really about men trying to get a grip on the chaos of controlling planes. It's about men trying to get a grip on what's in their pants.

John Cusack and Billy Bob Thornton star as dithering air-traffic control frenemies. Nick (Cusack) is the resident cheap, an egomaniac who takes life as an inside job on an-

plane. His primary in the workplace is challenged when Russell (Thornton), a former cowboy with sex in his veins, joins the team. Russell comes equipped with a sardonic wit (Angelina Jolie), a babe who dresses like a hooker and has a PopSicle post-bite. Nick can't really integrate in an open revelation to reality. This is where the story starts to get wacky.

FILM
Pushing Tin is one lumpy ride, although there is much fun to be had along the way. Cusack's fine-grained performance is a pleasure to watch. A walking levitation to the weakness of the male libido, he elicits sympathy as a guy who is passionately in love with his wife, irrevocably drawn to another woman, and frantically trying to avoid a collision. As the wife, Elizabeth's Cate Blanchett pulls off an astonishing 180-degree turn in mid-career to play a suburban housewife with a *Long Island* accent. And Thornton, who has a problem scene crooning in a restaurant, shows yet another side to his brooding charisma.

But despite strong performances and some witty scenes, the film's flight plan seems utterly confused. With British director Mike Newell (*Four Weddings and a Funeral*, *Denzel Washington*) at the helm, the tone is as erratic as a 747 in heavy turbulence. Plying on a wing and a prayer, *Pushing Tin* balances fun sex comedy to suspense drama to airplane farce. And by the time it

What's become of subtlety? In a world where pretension and showiness have solidified themselves in the fashion norm, understated elegance is fast becoming the indicator of true style savvy. Those who exude finesse are widely accepted as the new aficionados of style.

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FILMS

tempts to teach dogs with a romantic comedy ending, the leading gear—that delicate suspension of disbelief—is shot to hell.

THE DREAMLIFE OF ANGELS *Directed by Erik Zonen*

This deceptively modest masterpiece has been hailed as one of the best films to come out of France since the heyday of the New Wave in the early 1960s. The claim is not exaggerated. For those who have lost their patience with French cinema after seeing too many middle-aged, middle-class mistress movies, *The Dreamlife of Angels* is a revelation—a briefly intimate drama that reveals the innermost of two friends, a delicacy of early Godard.

It is a tale of two restless 30-year-olds adrift in the margins of the working class. Isa (Hélène Bouchard) is a good-natured waitress who turns up in Lille, a French town near the Belgian border, with just a backpack. She finds work teaching in a garment factory, where she picks a roommate (co-writer Marie Perle's character), who is smoking a joint in the women's washroom. Isa risks to show it, and by the end of the day she is sharing Marie's apartment. For a while, they are just two disoriented pals looking for fun. They cruise the mall, tolerate city-basking men with mock propitiation. And they engage in some otherwise regrettable sex with two lousers at a rock club, who become loyal friends. But both women want something more. Isa finds it in the darts of a young woman who once lived in their apartment—and now lives in a corner—while Marie tumbles into an unbreakable romance with a cruel club owner.

Although the film catches a bleak note, it gets there with such breathtaking honesty that you leave the theatre more integrated than depressed. It's two stars. Bouchard and Rigout, who shared the best-screenplay prize in Cannes last May, are both directing. Bouchard is a genuine wit; short dark hair, lips always slightly parted in expectation, a spontaneous scar bisecting her eyebrow on one angle. Rigout, blond and tense, has the wary, hyperconscious look of a young Isabelle Huppert. Bouchard plays the reckless optimist, Squarer the cynical renegade, but their roles subtly cross.

Writer-director Erik Zonen, making his feature debut at 42, directs with extraordinary finesse. He shoots almost entirely in close-ups, cutting with a lean, kinetic rhythm that draws the viewer into the frame. The visual design is boldly chromatic, the natural rise of the French never garish in style for its own sake, and although the film is deeply rooted in images of class and gender, its meaning remains as subtly elusive as the title. *La vie rêvée* could be translated as the *dreamlife*, or the *dreamed life*. Either way, this is a dream movie. **C**

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Written to sell

Until recently, among a small group of Canadian literary critics and aficionados, Trevor Ferguson was known as the most contemporary author that most people had never heard of. His 1997 debut novel, *High Water Chosen*, in which characters confront emotional conflicts and past traumas in a coastal island setting, and the five books that followed generated nearly zero reviews. Yet some sold more than 700 copies, and most fell out of print. Ferguson, who lives with his wife, educator Lynn Hill, in Madison, Que., about 35 km west of Montreal, scribbled by an book advances, occasional university seminar-in-residence programs, and a well-behaved still, he says, at "teaching grants intended for one year extended to a year-and-a-half." He was, he says, "happy in a way, but frustrated" by his lack of commercial success.

All that seems about to change—as Ferguson's life already has. In 1998, encapsulated by acceptable sales for his fifth literary offering, *The New Line*, he decided "something had to change. I was to keep writing." His solution: try writing a mystery thriller. The result took two years and, in dollars-and-cents terms, succeeded beyond his wildest hopes. When Ferguson's agent, Anne McDermott, took the book, *City of Ice*, under the pen name of John Farrow, to publishers

in New York City in 1997, it sparked a bidding frenzy for American rights. That ended abruptly when HarperCollins, which had Canadian publishing rights, sold them off for what Ferguson describes as "mid-six figures in American dollars." Sales of rights to countries including Japan and Great Britain followed. An auction for movie rights will begin after the book, recently published in Canada, goes on sale at the United States next month.

The effect of that first sale is a book that in the literary Canadian setting has international appeal. *City of Ice*, set in the dead of winter in Montreal, stars a tough, complex, antisocial, smug and not always likable protagonist, police detective Ennio Cinq-Mars. He confronts disparate characters, from vague cops and homeless indigents to bikers and interlopers from the RCMP, CIA and ex-KGB types gone over to the Russian Mafia. Throughout, Montreal plays a key role—an environment that fed of menace by gripping and painfully accurate descriptions of mid-winter life, and visits to the bluer bars and gritty mean streets of lower-income areas.

Ferguson, 51, has lived most of his life around Montreal and knows his turf. He chose his protagonist's surname in tribute to a legendary real-life Montreal cop of the 1960s, Jacques Cinq-Mars, who was also a lower middle-class of authority. In picking a relatively

Cinq-Mars with an Anglo partner, Bill Mathers, he knows the language limitations that could even cause Montreal's finest, some sub-characters—support, wealthy lawyers who front for gangsters—will be recognized by anyone familiar with Montreal's Police in Justice in the past two decades. In Ferguson's able hands, the plot of Russian thugs and American spies battling heads and cold blizzards and turf wars seems, for the most part, not all that stretched. As Ferguson noted in a *Maclean's* interview, police detective that there are more Russian gangs in Montreal than in London and New York combined. And the vicious ongoing blizzards war between Hells Angels and the Book Machine is drawn from real life.

Not all characters and plot devices work. The ending is sensational, overly reliant on coincidence, and wraps up the characters' dilemmas too conveniently. Some characters are unrealistic: a newspaper columnist, who would in real life earn a healthy income, is depicted living in impoverished modesty, while the main female character is so self-centered it is difficult to care about her fate, which is key to the plot. Some interchanges between cops have the forced feel of theatrical set speeches.

But overall, Ferguson, who admires the mainly complex thrillers of John Le Carré and Martin Cruz Smith (*Gorky Park*), achieves much the same high ground. *Cinq-Mars* is a compelling figure, bermented but lucky enough to be burdened with a well-grounded partner, Mathers. Together, they make good money and money makes good. Decker's sleuth, the troubled trap. More, and his cherry wedding, Sgt. Lewis. Cinq-Mars looks for a world in which values are more clear-cut, and knows he fits usually in modern grey times.

To some extent, that also describes Ferguson, who is still a bit ambivalent about his success. Despite strong pressure from his American publisher, he refused to allow the book to be published under his own name "because it is different from what I really do." And some of his "unpublished writer friends," he says, "have trouble adjusting to this change in my status." But that aside, he confesses: "It is a dream to be able to focus on writing, and now I have the money to do that." And the most tangible sign of kindness for what he has wrought, he suggests, is that Cinq-Mars, with his lies, temper and delusions, "may be used again" in a sequel.

ANTHONY WILSON-SMITH

Some further recent Canadian crime stories, selected by Maclean's review and editors



DOUBLE HELIX
By Anthony Hyde
(Piking, 322 pages, \$32)

Anthony Hyde has been writing thrillers for 14 years, and the Ottawa author's new novel follows to blunt perfection the familiar recipe for commercial success. Throw up a jocular mix of bodies both familiar (Toronto) and exotic (Vancouver, Rio de Janeiro). Add a nice, above-the-law private investigator, but not a detective. Keep the characters duplicitous (no problem) and their conversation lively—even spectacularly lame—two women, look to justice to fear the other is a moral enemy, sit down over a cup of depresso. "Four fans is great," one obviously remarks. But above all devise a plot, as the book's writers like to say, "tipped from today's headlines."

Maclean's Deborah Graham stumbles into the interferences schemes of British company Xerox, which has secretly developed a vaccine that causes women who take it will give birth only to boys. The potential commercial value is staggering, especially in countries with excessive single-child laws and a brain program to make offspring. Deborah's mother, Irene, a somehow involved, though whether as victim or accomplice she cannot be certain. So she sets out on a dangerous course to learn the truth, not least because she is pregnant with Giacomo's child—and she is wondering about those allergy shots he arranged for her.

For all its cookie-cutter construction, *Double Helix* is professionally executed. The plot course is surprising, and the suspense is skillfully built. But what really makes this otherwise sugar-fest work linger in the mind is its weird undercurrent. After Hyde puts pen to the worst of the villains with a man full of poetic justice, he startlingly shifts a gratuitous piece of violence—the victim are children. That brief episode and Hyde's ambiguous epilogue combine to leave the unsettling impression that the author—in common with the vast majority of his characters—thinks Xerox's vaccine is a good thing.



THE MOOSE WARRIOR

By Lynn Hamilton
(Bantam Press Crime, 321 pages, \$29.95)

Unsettling is the last word you'd want to apply to Toronto writer Lynn Hamilton's latest archaeological mystery, *The Moose Warrior*. Cozy, perhaps, or even cheerful, the start of crime novel in which the victim is murdered more for the sake of having a body in the plot than from the rage and fear that provoke real-life homicides. *The Moose Warrior* is Hamilton's second about Toronto antique dealer Lara McClatch. (Her first appearance, *The Alibi Murder*, was nominated for Best First Novel by the Crime Writers of Canada Association.) Hamilton's book opens at an auction where, primarily for the satisfaction of exhibiting her own husband, she buys a box of what she thinks are cheap Peruvian replicas. They turn out to be extremely valuable artifacts—including an exquisite golden figure of a warrior—illegally taken from the tombs of the Moose people who flourished in northern Peru 1,500 years ago. Soon, the dealer's Yorville wife is murdered and her assassin sent to jail. When police suspect that she is somehow involved, McClatch is taken in under an alias to Peru, where she faces a witness gone of grave misdeeds.

For anyone willing to make the effort required to suspend disbelief—as one instance among many, McClatch is the sort of mystery-story character who just happens to have a Mexican restaurant or two where she can easily furnish a fake passport—*The Moose Warrior* is a fun read. The action slips along, the sketches of life among the Moche people are intriguing, and writing style and McClatch is an amusing, likable creation. And unlike a real archaeological dig, there is no heavy lifting involved.

THE FEAST OF STEPHEN

By Rosemary Abbott
(Bridge Works Publishing, 256 pages, \$32.95)

Real settings are common enough features in mysteries, but Rosemary Abbott's tale is somewhat odd. *The Feast of Stephen* alternates both to a supposedly fatal day, Dec. 26, and to clues in a crossword puzzle about a variety of saints' days. In the end, such details are largely inconsequential, as are the puzzling references—and even the identity of the murderer. Instead, the novel's chief pleasure is the delineation of the protagonist, a disgraced former judge and his wife, Edith, who is a former judge's daughter, a former judge's daughter. In 1985 sword-wielding mystery novel, *One Ring*, and has reprised him to great effect.

Partial is still implicit after being threatened from the bench after a violent incident (which is referred to but never fully explained). His street-front Quebec common law to look him up the deaths of some court "prosperity," whose only occupation is to watch court proceedings every day. Both Partial and Quebec are interesting studies, drawn-out and somewhat over-the-top, but they have been in a great impact. The Toronto landscape they travel through, from wealthy bourgeois shacks in lavish judge's quarters, to equally vividly drawn. Apparently, neither Abbott, who was born in Niagara Falls, N.Y., nor lives in Toronto, nor her American publisher, feared the locale would put readers off. A good thing, too, for character and setting are what make *The Feast of Stephen* a tasty novel. ()

Allan Fotheringham



A politician, a ski resort and a lawsuit

Bill Vander Zalm, the former Social Credit premier of British Columbia, is still a factor in provincial politics. With what can only be called the Vander Zalm Party, he is attempting to split the free enterprise vote with the much-loathed Liberals. If successful, he just might allow the very unpopular NDP government of Premier Glen Clark to squeak back into office.

Powder Mountain, in the Callaghan valley beyond Squamish at the end of Howe Sound, is closer to Vancouver than the now-world-renowned Whistler, which is lost in American ski magazines the best ski resort in North America.

Nan Hartwick, a well-known West Vancouver real estate figure, and her daughter Dianne have long had deep roots with Social Credit. The elder Hartwick was taught in Sunday school by Mrs. W.A.C. Bennett, wife of the premier who ruled B.C. for 30 years, 1952-1972.

On Sept. 30, 1995, a statement of claim was filed in Supreme Court of British Columbia. The plaintiffs are Powder Mountain Resorts Ltd., Anne Evelyn Hartwick and Dianne Hartwick. (An amended claim was filed this March.)

The defendants are Her Majesty the Queen in right of the province of British Columbia and William N. Vander Zalm. Allegations in a statement of claim represent the plaintiff's position only; they have not been heard, or judged in a court of law.

The reasons Queen Elizabeth II brought into this, of course, is because she is owner of the undeveloped Crowe lands, "which are the subject matter of this action." We do not think she will be required to appear in court.

The statement of claim says that in March, 1980, September, 1980, and June, 1985, the ministry of lands, parks and housing for B.C. advertised for proposals "for the development of a four-season destination ski resort" at Powder Mountain.

Powder Mountain Resorts was first in partnership with STAC International, a French company with resort development Ltd. and does with Calgary's Snow Dunes Development Ltd.

The plaintiff says that they "formally proposed in writing to the



developer of the ski and operation facilities for the Project in consultation with the Ministry of Lands, Parks and Housing Act and the Province's Commercial Algae Ski Policy, and were the successful proponent in each and every one of the three public proposals made by the Province, as referred to in Paragraph 4, with the final such province-sponsored proposal, call, in June, 1985, resulting in the public issuance of the plaintiff by the Province as the successful proponent in June, 1985.

Getting back to plain English, the court document then says that the two Hartwicks entered into "several and detailed negotiations" with Jack Keirpat, then the Social Credit minister of forests and lands.

It goes on: "In or about the month of March, 1987, Keirpat, as Minister of Forests and Lands, received a written memorandum from the Premier's office, under signature of David Poole who was at that time the principal secretary to Vander Zalm, that directed the Minister cease and desist from assisting the principals of the Plaintiffs in formulating a contract with the Ministry of Forests and Lands for the Project in Vander Zalm had a 'friend' who wished to submit a proposal for the Project."

On March 10, 1987, Keirpat was relieved of his portfolio by Vander Zalm. On March 15, it states, Vander Zalm's office informed the Hartwicks that their proposal had been rejected.

On Sept. 8, 1987, says the claim, the government entered into an agreement with Callaghan Resorts Inc. for an "exclusive contract" to investigate "ski development opportunities" at Powder Mountain.

"The Plaintiffs say that the principal of the aforementioned Callaghan Resorts Inc. referred to in Paragraph 38 was the 'friend' described in Vander Zalm's memorandum to the Minister of Forests and Lands referred to in Paragraph 14 herein."

The Hartwicks say in their claim that Vander Zalm's government decision "constitutes deceit and/or negligent misrepresentation, distortion or misrepresentation of the facts."

Nan Hartwick's claim against the defendants is for \$400,000 which includes damages for the loss of her residential property which was expropriated to give way to Powder Mountain Resorts plus various back taxes. Dianne Hartwick's claim is for \$90,000 for damages she had to take out on her residential property.

Vander Zalm, on behalf of himself and Her Majesty, filed a statement of defence two years later on Sept. 30, 1987. (He had resigned as premier on April 1, 1984.) He denied the allegations, asking that "his claim be dismissed with costs."

A courtroom has been booked in the B.C. Supreme Court at Vancouver for May 17. The plaintiffs plan to call, as witnesses, Jack Keirpat, the Hon. Grace McCarthy—formerly deputy premier in Vander Zalm—the Hon. Moe Shabo and Premier Glen Clark.

Plaintiff lawyers, Shapiro Haskinson & Knutson of Vancouver, state in a trial brief, that "20 days for trial seems adequate."

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